

RECEIVED
AUG 31 1926

The Industrial Pioneer

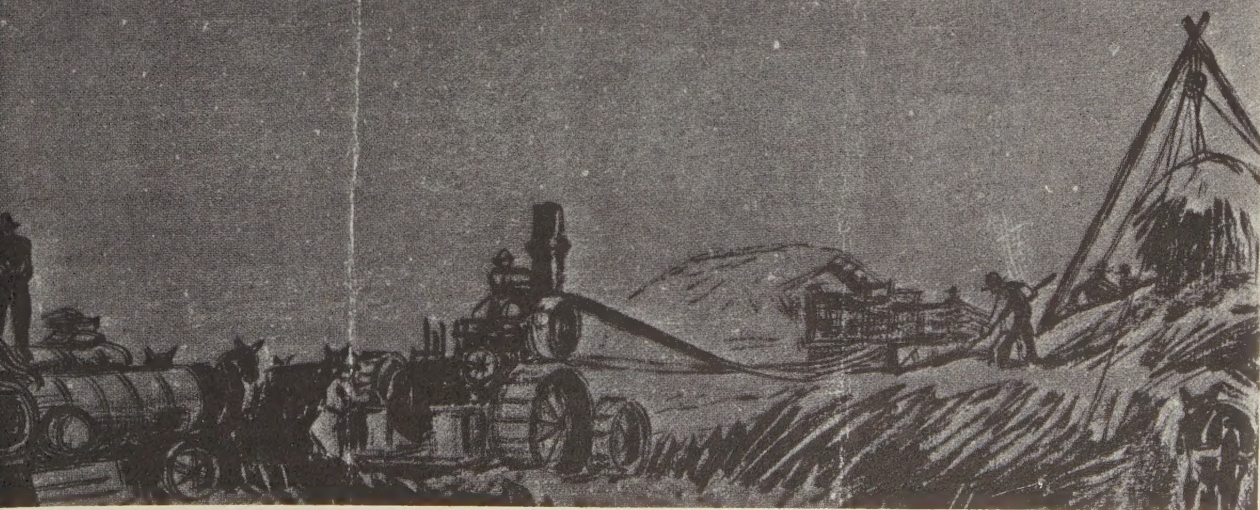
*An Illustrated
Labor Magazine*



SEPTEMBER, 1926



Price 25 Cents



PREAMBLE

OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



The Industrial Pioneer

John A. Gahan, Editor

Published Monthly by the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Subscription Rates: \$2.25 a Year, 6 mos. \$1.25; Canada, \$2.50, other countries, \$3.00
Bundle Rates: 10 copies for \$1.70; 20 for \$3.40; 100 for \$17.00—non-returnable.

20 cents per copy—returnable. Single copy, 25 cents. Sample copy on request.

It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the I. W. W. to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals, or individual writing or editing the same.

Volume IV. No. V. SEPTEMBER, 1926 Whole Number 41

BERMUNKAS CALENDAR (Drawing).....	VICTOR SCHAUER.....	1
EDITORIALS.....	JOHN A. GAHAN.....	2
THE HARVEST ISN'T OVER YET.....	FRANK THORPE.....	4
IS THIS WHY INDIANS GO BLIND?.....	J. BAXTER.....	8
MENDOCINO.....	SAM MURRAY.....	9
ORGANIZING ONTARIO.....	A. E. WINDLE.....	13
SLINGS AND ARROWS.....	DANIEL TOWER.....	16
THE AWAKENING (Poem).....	RICHARD POWERS.....	17
THE I. W. W. ON A FULL-RIGGED SHIP.....	HARRY CLAYTON.....	19
MY BROTHER (Poem).....	HENRY GEORGE WEISS.....	21
GOOD ADVICE (Poetic Argument).....	22
EVOLUTION.....	SAMUEL W. BALL.....	23
LABOR'S MAGIC BOOTSTRAPS.....	COVAMI.....	29
ADVICE TO BOYS.....	UNCLE AMI.....	30
BOOK REVIEWS.....	31

Entered as second-class matter April 23, 1923, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorials



The Real Cause of the Mexican Situation Is Economic and It Is Up to The Mexican Workers Economically To Organize and Overthrow their Masters of Both Church and State



MEXICAN WORKERS ON STRIKE AGAINST AMERICAN OIL COMPANY; THE CHURCH IS THE TOOL OF SUCH CORPORATIONS

THE KNIGHTS ARE CRYING—It's getting to be a heck of a world in which innocent, liberty-loving, inoffensive Catholics are denied freedom of conscience in Mexico, isn't it? So say the Knights of Columbus, whose leaders approached officials of the American State Department calling for aid on behalf of the suffering faithful across the southern border.

Seriously, was ever historic travesty so superlatively evidenced as in this parading of Rome garbed as a paladin of religious freedom? The heretic hunters, frustrated not in the exercise religious freedom, but in their intrigues for political preferment, feel hunted; the witch burners tremble lest a church pew get scorched.

When Catholicism ruled the Christian world, creating empires and kingdoms, how much mercy did it show the nonconformists whose consciences were too stubborn to be fixed by the Holy See? How the church exulted in breaking the body to "save the soul"! And now the apostles of mental night, the friends and makers of reaction, the sycophantic supporters of capitalism, driven into a corner by their own political machinations, are squealing like a lot of rats. They cry for free conscience. Shades of Savonarola, Huss, d'Arc, Galileo, Bruno! Can anything beat the supreme gall of Rome?

It is certainly unjust to prevent a gang of foreign, overstuffed "merry jokes" on

an ascetic Christ to meddle in the internal affairs of a nation, now isn't it? But how about the Valle Nacional where 15,000 Mexican peons were killed by toil each year? The whole slave population was decimated annually and replaced by other condemned workers whose only crime was that of debt. What tears had the Knights of Columbus for them? What solace had the Mexican episcopate for these damned? The church profited by their slavery and said nothing. This is in line with the learned St. Augustine's teaching. He said that slavery was punishment for the sins of those enslaved. It is punishment only for the sin of being unorganized.

CAN THEY EVER LEARN?—The other day the writer was told that when the I. W. W. engages in free speech fights it leaves the economic path and takes to political highways. It is timely to check such confusion. When the I. W. W. fights for free speech it is fighting for the opportunity to get its message to the workers. The I. W. W. message is economic, not political. In a strike a worker may have to defend himself with a club against scabs, but he is still a unionist and not a slugger. We need free speech in our economic program, and when we fight for it such struggle is part of our industrial union activity and can not be characterized as political. It should also be remem-

bered that in our free speech fights the I. W. W. was not battling for free speech for the Salvation Army or the Y. M. Q. B's. There is nothing abstract about this matter so far as our organization is concerned. Free speech is a necessity to revolutionary industrial union propaganda. Fighting to obtain or maintain it is part of our economic course.

A MOVIE STAR PASSES—News paper headlines lately were carrying the news of a Hollywood idol's illness, and when he died whole pages of biography, pathos and pictures appeared. The capitalist sheets say that Valentino made a million dollars during the last year, most of which he spent. We are also informed that millions of women wept when he died, and that the nation mourned.

Altogether, we think the young man had a very enjoyable time with his painted women while life lasted, and the working class will be a lot nearer to economic freedom when it has more commiseration for its own kind and none for parasites, talented or otherwise. Right along there are thousands upon thousands of men, women and children of the working class, the only useful class, dying of diseases produced by poverty. Why not some tears for them? Or infinitely better, why not some industrial union organization to remove the poverty and bring plenty to all workers? It's the old story of "bread and circuses" for the people and the scenario shiek was part of the circus. He aided in supplying aphrodisiacal entertainment, with whose comfort the Scissorbillicus Americanus seems to forget about more important fare.

A JUDGE ON LAW—In a recent statement, Chief Justice William H. Taft, of the United States Supreme Court, attributes the increase of crime in this country to administrative defects in American criminal law. He thinks that judges are hampered by not being able to inflict sufficiently deterrent penalties.

This opinion correctly places the thought of the fossils who worm through the musty statutes. It is, moreover, very worthy of the man who, while campaigning for presi-

dent, said "God knows!" when asked what he would do if he was unemployed and penniless and had a family to support. The chief justice says nothing of preventive measures other than heavy sentences. He dare not, even if he be aware of the truth, go to the bottom of the crime condition, because it results naturally from this crooked social scheme of which he is a prominent apologist.

"Society is the real criminal." Capitalism is thievery on a grand scale. It is murder of the most brutal and wholesale kind. It is all that is gigantically vile, and must be removed. Crime festers within it because the creature is environment's plaything and the world can not have justice, honesty, fraternity and equality until the workers organize and destroy this system.

Incidentally, it should be remarked that we have failed to see judges harshly restrained from inflicting the most atrocious sentences on class war prisoners. It is highly respectable for jurists to speak of salves for cancerous conditions. For class conscious industrial unionists to mention the major surgical operation of social revolution is positively treasonable.

CONTRIBUTORS WANTED—The I. W. W. press needs more writers. Already we have a number of very talented correspondents and cartoonists, but we need many more. We have the opportunity to cooperate and make the publications better than ever before. The Industrial Pioneer is foremost in the field of labor monthlies, but it can be vastly improved if a larger number of our members and friends who have the gift of graphic or literary expression get busy and submit their productions. Often our articles are too long, and it is not wise to tire the readers. We specially need newsy material without any excess of words, and photographs with the stories. Revising manuscripts is almost sure to result in improvements, and revision frequently reveals ways in which to cut superfluous language. Try your skill, fellow workers. This magazine and all I. W. W. publications are certain to benefit as our contributors become more numerous.

The Harvest Isn't Over Yet



By FRANK THORPE

Sec'y-Treasurer, Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110, of the I. W. W.



SOME of the workers, reading the undoubtedly true stories of the poor wheat crops in Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota, and hearing of the replacing of men by machinery, have perhaps jumped to the conclusion that there is "nothin' doin' any more in the harvest." To these, the word is, "There is as much to do as ever. All that we need is active workers in the field. There is going to be a successful harvest drive for the I. W. W. this year."

One reason for the present situation is the fact that the poor harvest did not affect North Dakota, Montana, and Canada very much. Instead of thousands of men and hundreds of jobs, as in Nebraska, there is the reversed situation. John Farmer in North Dakota is looking for help. He prefers to hire his help on his own terms, paying perhaps \$3.50 per day, but he has to have help, and if the boys demand more wages, he will have to come through.

Wheat Crop Greater

The July wheat grain repots, put out by the U. S. government, show that although the grain crop, taken as a whole, is lighter this year by 380 million bushels than it was last year, and is 270 million bushels less than the average for the last five years, the wheat crop, taken alone, is 71 million bushels greater than last year.

These figures mean little to the ordinary person, far removed from the scene of action. But when it is realized that the increase in wheat crop affects most of all the harvest drive of the I. W. W., which does not get as much into the corn, barley, oats, rye, etc., as into the

wheat harvest, something of their importance begins to appear. Then when it is remembered that there was a very light wheat crop in the southern end of the grain belt, and that the increase is practically all in the northern end, further light is thrown on the bare cold figures.

If you all could stand on the plains of North Dakota, and see the rolling waves of thick, tall wheat, showing part green and part yellow, and every day, every hour almost, turning from green to yellow, and see the anxious faces of the farmers as they discuss whether they will get enough men to get the wheat cut at just the right time, and shocked at the right time, and left long enough to dry ready for threshing, without waiting so long that it either shatters out of the head, or gets rained on, and mildews (as it will if it rains too much), then you see what this means.

It means that the farmer will not stand in the slave market and demand men with weak minds and strong backs; the farmer will be glad to take any men, and if he gets some intelligent, class conscious workers, who will join the I. W. W. and force him to pay a little

more than the going wage — he has to take that risk.

Another thing is that Harold Teen is getting blisters on his hands and going back where the Sheba Sundays bubble. Perhaps you saw that the comic artists took in the harvest this year? The callow creation of the high schools of the cities, quite well taken off by the faithful pencil wielder of the Chicago Tribune and other newspapers in its syndicate, is launched into the grain fields this year. There the capitalistic artist makes him meet up with the I. W. W. who call a strike, and out of the strike meeting young Harold Teen gets booted for making a speech to the effect that this is the grandest and freest and most wonderful country in the world, where everybody has a chance to get rich taking in the farmers' wheat. Of course the I. W. W. are all represented as bearded foreigners with Slavic names. (Seriously, did anybody ever see a Wobbly with a beard?)

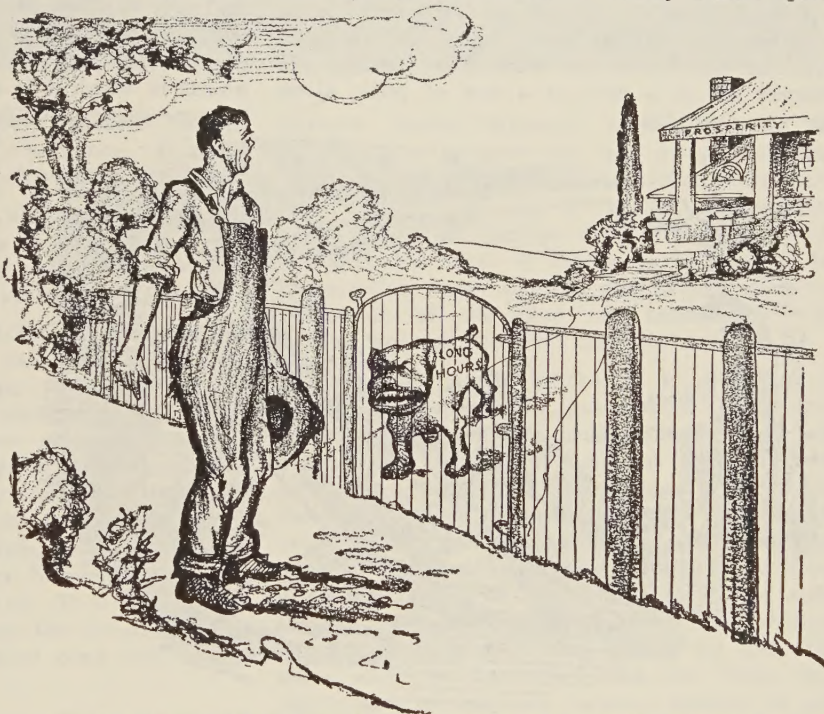
Well, part of the trouble in the southern end of the harvest region was that the real, true Harold Teens from the high schools did go out to make their fortune by shocking wheat. They have most of them got plenty of it by now, and been cheated by John Farmer in addition, or fired for incompetence. They are all going back to the cities from which they came.

They made things a little harder for the real workers for a while by cluttering up the slave market, and jumping at jobs that promised little more than board. But neither they nor the employers are satisfied with the performance. Our harvest drive is still a place for migratory workers, not vacationing jelly beans.

We speak of the "migratory" harvest worker. Practically all real harvest workers are migratory. The real harvest hand is a man who is without property, a true proletarian. Since the harvest will not stand still for him, he has to move along after it. He has to travel on the freight trains, and there is absolutely no shame or crime in this. If he did not move this way, the wheat would not be harvested.

Hi-Jacks and Police

His life is filled more with hard work than with adventure, but he has the doubtful honor of being frequently the prey of railroad police, town constables, and "hi-jacks," or robbers. Frequently too, all these are the same. The railroad police or the constable dons overalls, puts his badge in his pocket, and approaches a string of empty freight cars filled with workers who have gained fifteen or twenty dollars apiece



UNORGANIZED, YOU'LL FIND THIS SITUATION BRISTLING AGAINST US

in the harvest so far. The hi-jacks come up to both sides of a car, flash their searchlights, flourish their guns, and rob everybody, then lock the car, and go on to the next one. They are absolutely ruthless, and will kill at the slightest provocation. Sometimes they ride the freights, and deliberately kill men they find in the car with them by crushing in their heads and throwing them from the trains, usually at night. The law affords the workers no safety from these fiends, often for the best of reasons, as stated above. When the hi-jacks are not in league with the police, they are in little danger anyway, because the authorities do not care what happens to migratory workers.

Organization Death to Robbers

This year there is reported a great campaign of hi-jacking throughout the Northwest. During the first week in August, over a hundred men were held up between Spokane and Missoula,

all in a bunch. Against this sort of thing only organization and retaliation give any protection. The I. W. W. is the only organization that can drive out hi-jacks.

Wheat harvesting is rather hard work. The prevailing method is still, on prairie ground, to cut the grain with a binder, which the farmer or his son or some trusted house slave of a "monthly hand" usually drives. The binder not only cuts the grain by means of a notched knife, but by an ingenious piece of mechanism, ties it into sheaves, or bundles as big around as a man can conveniently hold under his arm, and with all the heads one way. The bundles are dumped out in a row, or a row of piles, along the cut over field.



ORGANIZED, YOU COMMAND CONDITIONS LIKE THIS

The first task of the migratory harvest workers is to take up these bundles or sheaves, and holding one in each hand, butt their heads together, and set them down with the heads up, and each bundle supporting the other. Then other bundles are packed or thrown on these, making a shock, a pyramid or cone of bundles or sheaves, all with their heads standing up. It looks like a criminal offense to the farmer if he sees you standing any of them the other way, as that causes the water from rain or dew to soak down through the bundles and make them mould. Yet the Herold Teens always want to stand a few of them upside down in order to make a more symmetrical shock.

After the wheat is all shocked, or as they say in Canada, "stooked," some of the crew move on for more shocking, following the line of the ripening grain up into the far Northwest. But others remain for the threshing.

Threshing machines are mechanical flails. A

number of steel hooks are fastened on a revolving drum, turned by steam or gasoline motor power, and appropriately enclosed in a housing, moved on wheels. In front of this revolving drum an endless belt of canvass, the draper, carries the sheaves of wheat down into the whirling steel hooks, which beat the grain out of the heads.

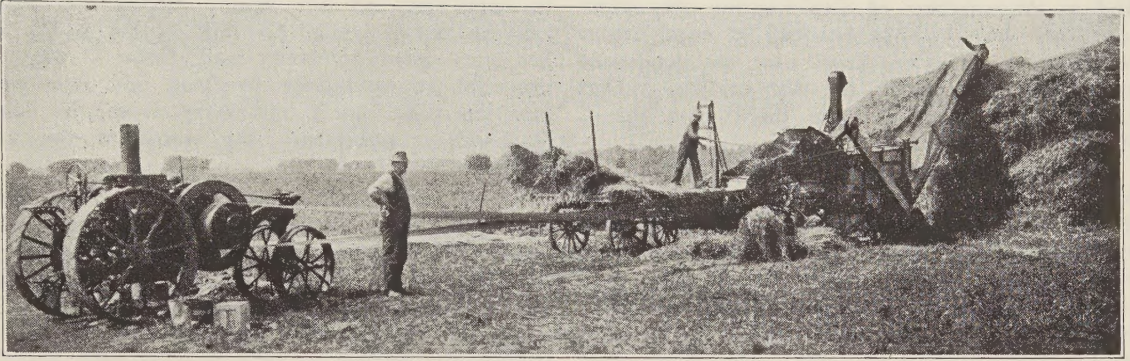
A revolving fan and an arrangement of sieves separates the wheat from the straw and chaff, and all the latter is blown out the rear end of the threshing machine, the wheat usually coming down a spout in the side and into the tank, or box, set on wagon wheels in which it is carted to the grain elevator. In some western districts they run the wheat into sacks, each holding about two bushels. These jute bags, or wheat sacks, are one of the main products of the prison jute mill in San Francisco, California, though they do not all come from there.

The engineer who runs the gasoline or straw or oil burning engine that provides power for the threshing machine, and the separator tender or other mechanics around the thresher itself are usually "home guards", though not always. They are often the owners or the farmer's oldest son.

The business of the hired migratory harvest hand during threshing is to load

the sheaves of wheat on the flat bed hay wagons, and drive them up to the machine, and one wagon on each side of it, unloaded the sheaves on to the draper that carries them against the drum of the thresher. It takes a certain amount of skill to pitch the sheaves onto the wagon right, and still more skill to load them so they will not slip off the first time the wagon wheel drifts into a hole or hits a rock. The butts of the sheaves must be towards the outside, and a nice proportion must be maintained between the number thrown into the center and the number stacked up along the sides of the load. When the wagon is driven, an unskilled driver can easily turn too short and "break out the reach". This always moves the farmer to tears and profanity.

The "reach" is nothing but a coupling rod, connecting the front and hind wheels of the wagon and made of a piece of ordinary pine scantling, cut down a little here and there and with a couple of holes bored in it. But no far-



mer was ever known to have another "reach" ready to use in case of an emergency. It seems to be against the traditions of farming, some way.

When the wagons pull up to the threshing machine, there is sometimes a few minutes rest for one driver while another is unloading. There should be, if the workers realize their business.

The chief bone of contention at the threshing machine is when to stop, and turn it into the wind so the men unloading from the wagons will not be working in a cloud of dust. If the wind would only stay in one place, there would be less labor trouble around a thresher. But it doesn't, and the farmer hates to stop his machine and change its direction. The workers hate even more to swallow all the flying salad that those big winds in North Dakota bring to him, and so the class struggle goes on. It is really only a few minutes' work to change the direction of the thresher, and a well organized crew will compel this whenever necessary.

More and more harvesting is being done each year by combined harvesters, but there are still some places where the land is too rough, or the seasons require grain to stand in a shock and dry out. Combined harvesting has been described several times for the readers of the *Industrial Pioneer*, and we will not go into it here.

A kind of intermediate stage between combined threshing and the binder and shocking method of harvesting is that by headers and stacks. The header is a gigantic mowing machine which cuts the grain and runs it into a wagon. Loading a wagon under a header spout is one of the hardest jobs in the harvest; throwing the loose grain off onto a stack is the next hardest. When the stack is made, a thresher is used to thresh the grain, which is picked off the stack by a derrick, and large hay fork, or "hoed down" by men with forks shaped like hoes, or by both methods. A picture of "stack threshing" is on the front cover of this magazine.

No farmer ever wanted to work his crew less than from sunup to sundown, or at least

thirteen hours. Without organization of the workers, the farmers will get away with that schedule, too. But in general, the hours have been beaten down by I. W. W. organization and by nothing else, to about ten. They could easily go up again if the danger of I. W. W. organization were removed, and a more complete realization of the need of organization by harvest workers would cut them still lower.

The fact that it is the I. W. W. that is getting the hours down and making the farmers change their machines around when the gale swings into the rear is apparent when we consider the efforts made to stop us. Every year the farmers' organizations and the county agents (really state officials) enter into a conspiracy against us. Their general program is to have all they can get of the delegates arrested right in the beginning, before the drive gets started. Then they announce the wages all over the state, and put them good and low. Then they fight hard to keep the farmers anxious to get their crops out, and anxious to use real harvest hands, not Harold Teens, to stick to the scale. It can't be done. If the crop is good, the harvest worker who is organized, and knows what is what, will always win. All the way from the great big Campbell Farming of Hardin, Montana to the smallest, one horse farm in Dakota or Minnesota, the farmers understand the trick. But we can beat them with organization; for if we refuse to work for low wages, and organize the crews for a strike, the farmer has to yield. He can't wait. Mother Nature will spank him if he does. The wheat has to come off at a certain time.

Drive Just Going Good

So the harvest drive is just going good. It will not be over for a couple of months yet, when the last stragglers come down out of Alberta and Saskatchewan and begin to think about some of the minor crops. As the Wenatchee apples and the Montana and Idaho potatoes ripen, the numbers of men the wheat harvest has to find place for gradually diminish.

And as the numbers of men hunting jobs grow less, from now on, the chances of organization get better and better. From now on, conditions are ready for the I. W. W. in the wheat harvest — and the workers there need the I. W. W.

The first persecution has started, already in Minnesota, five of our delegates are in jail.* But that is the regular thing. Last year they put over a hundred in jail in Fargo, and had

* Since this was written the delegates in Minnesota have been tried and acquitted. A frame-up against them failed.

to turn then all out again. Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. has very good solidarity and finds a way. It may not be necessary to flood any jails with men this year, but if necessary, it can be done. Meanwhile, remember the words of the 110 Bulletin:

"You, the membership of One Ten, must act! You must act now! Support your delegates! Put the drive over as you know how to do it when you stand together and meet all odds with your inspiring solidarity!"

Is This Why Indians Go Blind?

By J. BAXTER

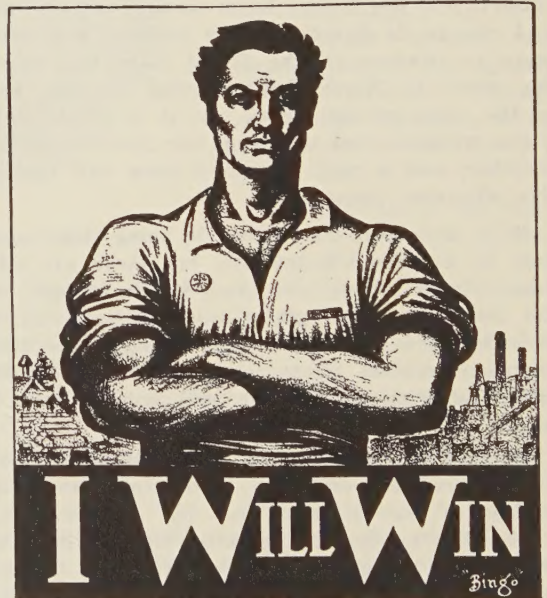
In the state of Nevada, there are many Indians, both in the schools, on the reservations, and at large; and a curious and unaccountable incident in the life of these unfortunate aborigines, is that after the age of 60 or 70 years they nearly all go blind. No one has ever been able to account for this strange occurrence and malevolent affliction upon the Indians. Scientists and anthropologists have studied their case, but without ever being able to ascertain the cause or source of their strange affliction.

When these Indians go blind, apparently their only source of livelihood lies in the source of begging, and they can be seen sitting on the stone sidewalks of Reno, Nevada, with a little tin can in front of them, soliciting alms from passers-by.

Curious to ascertain the source of these unfortunate peoples' affliction, the present speaker was one day walking down the main street of Reno, and, seeing a blind squaw sprawled out on the sidewalk with a little tin can in front of her, he stepped aside to where another person was standing and asked, "Say, Mister, what makes those Indians go blind?"

Turning and glancing at the squaw, the fellow said, "I dunno. That's always been

a mystery. My belief is that they go blind watching for someone to drop something into that can."



SONGS

To Fan the Flames of Discontent

PRICE TEN CENTS

Mendocino: --- Where Volstead Made Two Grapevines Grow Where None Ever Grew Before!

By SAM MURRAY

EVER HEARD of Mendocino—a California? Ever heard of the small coast valleys in California? Sure I knew dam well you hadn't that's the reason I am writing this. Having been born in Iowa or Kansas or perhaps in Michigan or Ohio you think that Los Angeles is all there is of California. Of course "Los" would like to annex the whole state but about the only part she is likely to get in the near future is Eureka in Humboldt Co. (Even the I. W. W. in Eureka has gone emergency. That ought to be some indication.)

The worst part of a trip to the middle states is that they accuse you of being from L. A. Of course they all have a brother or cousin in the real estate game down there and are filled with the usual essence of bovine masculinity with which the sharks stuff the suckers from their home towns of the middle west.

Now if there is anything that gets the goat of a native of California when he gets back east it is for someone to mention L. A. It is just like asking him how his brother who is in San Quentin for stealing sheep is getting along. But it can't be helped; the people back there just can't understand that there is any part of California that L. A. hasn't annexed and staked out in lots.

Also, no natives of California ever come from Los Angeles. Nobody is ever born in Los Angeles—no native sons there—Fleas? Yes lots of them but none of the other kind. On account of the high price of real estate you haven't room to rock a cradle down there. That's why they get them all from Iowa where the hogs are fat and the yellow corn meal rich in albumen.

But to return to the subject: The small coast valleys and the uplands that border on them are in many respects the most interesting part of the state. For climate, diversified scenery and fruit I think they are far superior to the rest of this much overadvertised state.

Shortly aftr the gold rush days while California was still in the midst of her glory as the greatest wheat producing state some enterprising persons discovered that if they shipped California wine to France and labeled it with a French trademark it could be shipped back and our corned beef and cabbage connoisseurs, our newly rich aristocracy couldn't tell the difference. The Spanish Californians had cultivated the grape but only for home consumption so the only way California wines could break in on the market, having no reputation of their own, was to ride in on that of the French.

Now the wine grape is a very humble plant and does not take kindly to the deep rich soils of the valleys. Descended from the vine which has been grown for centuries on the barren cliffs of southern Europe where you have to carry soil up in a bushel basket to give it a foothold is just naturally can't stand prosperity in the shape of good rich loam. Likewise, the side hills and uplands surrounding the small valleys near the coast contain a vast acreage that heretofore produced nothing but scrub oak, madrone and manzanita and was thought to be useless except for a little winter pasture but with experimentation it was discovered that this otherwise worthless land was spagethi and mushroom sauce to the Italian wine grape. So many of these sidehills became dotted with vines and grape culture became a thriving industry. But the market was not extensive and as the grape land was almost unlimited before the culture had extended, very far a serious glut in the market was experienced. So there came an evil day for the wine growers. Wine and grapes became the cheapest thing in California. I can remember when a bottle of wine was served free with a ten cent meal in Frisco. If you liked grapes you could go down to the docks where the river steamers Napa City and Zinfandel came in and nothing was said so long as you didn't carry away the empty box. In vain did the wine growers try to educate the American public up to the drinking of cheap wine. They were descended mostly from a whiskey and beer drinking ancestry and besides there was the brewery and distillery interests. There seemed to be a conspiracy on the part of the saloons to prevent wine drinking for when the wineries were selling wine in the barrel for as low as fifteen cents a gallon the saloons were charging ten cents for a gill while a scoop of beer with a bowl of stew cost a nickle a throw. Quite a prejudice was worked up. They called it "Dago red," "Dago foot juice," "Red paint" and worse names, its very cheapness was against it and people were led to believe that it was a rotten drink—good enough for Italians and Portuguese but entirely unfit for consumption by the "supermen" of the "Nordic strain." These good beer and whiskey guzzling christians claimed that the last drink that Christ took before expiring on the cross was a disreputable drink and only fit for "Wine bums."*) However,

* The English translators of the gospels say that it was vinegar. I have learned lately that the simple language in which the books of the new testament were first written

a good drink like a good man can't be kept down forever and after the panic which preceeded the Spanish war had subsided the vineyard game began to show sings of new life. But the opposition continued to breed misery for the wine growers. Prohi's tried to rule it off the tables and through a system of high license came near doing it so that your bottle of wine often cost you a dime or more extra with your meals. Most saloons refused to handle good wine or to sell it at a reasonable price. Then came the war and the "Big drought." Although the beer and whiskey interests had been behind the temperance agitators in outlawing wine from restaurants and bars they had never failed to enlist the wine men against the dry movement. Growers were told that if prohibition came they would have to plow out their vineyards and as the land was worth little for anything else they would be ruined. Now your vineyardist is a very unsophisticated person and when the eighteenth amendment went over he really thought it meant prohibition. He did not know that the government had a way of springing a great joke occasionally in the form of an amendment to the federal constitution. For instance: There is the free speech, free press and right to assemble amendment. Ha! Ha! What a funny joke. You can say what you like and assemble all you want so long as the American Legion don't object, the Koo Koo Klan tar and feather you or the cop pinch you. Then there is that one about the negro having the right to vote providing the white man don't get there first with his gun. The poor simple minded vineyardists really thought that the government was a law enforcing political machine. The truth had never ocured to them, viz., that the government from the federal bureaucracies down to the dog catchers is nothing but a giant industry. An industry devoted to the collecting of taxes, imposing of fines and taking of bribes. A government by a ring retaining their power by force of arms—that is whenever the reptile press and the "moral" influence of molders of opinion fail to perform the job in a more satisfactory way. Of the people gainfully employed in this country, one in twelve are getting their living directly through this gigantic enterprise besides those indirectly benefitting such as lawyers, pensioners, bootleggers and a host of retainers that hang on the fringe of public office.

For fifty years the reformers had been kicking the yellow dog of a booze industry around and blaming him for everything from an epidemic of whooping cough to unseasonable weather. Restrictions sensible and otherwise followed one another in an endless procession of legal enactments and in the trail of each, there followed the usual shake-

down and harvest of bribes by the "patriotic" enforcement officials. So they evidently figured that if twenty five per cent restriction was good for—say twenty five dollars in graft, that one hundred per cent prohibition should be good for one hundred dollars. So prohibition went over the top with a bang. In the opinion of the wine growers this meant the crack of doom for them. Some of them plowed up their vines while others simply neglected them for the time being hoping that something would happen—and it did. Home brewing become the most popular indoor sport. Everything from old shoes to Galwa grape juice was being put through all kinds of processes in an endeavor to develop a kick. Somebody conceived the idea of putting raisens in his home brewed beer. He then proceeded to beat up his wife, cleaned up on the policeman and when they finally succeeded in overpowering him he was out in the Golden Gate Park trying to break into the grizzly bears' cage. So the "Sunmaids" came into a new prominence and the popular California slogan, "Have you had your iron today?" was changed to "Have you had your scrapiron today?" Now the wine grape is not a raisen grape in the prevolstead sense of the term. However they can be dried and it was found that for the purpose of producing the bran new sensation they had the iron bound Fresno variety backed off the board and they began to appear on the market. Then you know, sacramental wine was permitted. Now, the followers of the lowly carpenter are only allowed a periodical sip along with their nibble of the "flesh" but the Jews have certain ceremonies which require the consumption of as much as seven gallons. So the Jewish religion became very popular. One of their "missionaries" opened up among the Roman Catholic Portugues in West Oakland and in a very short time succeeded in securing thirty five hundred converts who at once displayed a frenzied zeal for that part of their new faith which called for the drinking of the "Blood of the Lamb" although we are informed that the consumption of pork did not fall so as you could notice it. So when the next grape season rolled around the growers discovered that the product of their neglected vineyards had soared to prices never dreamed of in the old days. The bootlegging industry was in process of formation and as had been predicted an army of government functionaries were put to work to share the profits or collect the fines. Wine had at last come into its own; was expensive and hard to get and therefore popular. Again the grape business had secured a new lease on life and wine grapes which during the war had reached the unheard price of \$25.00 a ton now rose to \$82.00. Some idea of the extent of the industry can be gained from the fact that despite the large amount of grape produced in Michigan, northern Ohio and some sections of the south, California produces 92% of America's grape crop about two thirds of which are wine grapes

had a name for sour wine but no name for vinegar. When their wine turned to vinegar they still called it wine. So the translators use the word "vinegar" instead of the correct English word "Claret." What they gave Jesus on the end of the staff was a shot of "Dago Red."

absolutely worthless for any other purpose while several of the most popular wines are made exclusively from table grapes, for example, Tokay, and Muscatel.

Through all the years that the Americans had been in possession of California that part of Mendocino Co. which lies outside the redwood forests had slept serenely on her sunkissed hills (110 in the shade). Never had it produced anything except poison oak and beef cattle. Although it was ideal wine land something had always happened to the industry before it got that far up in the hills. There were Napa and Sonoma counties—rich it is true but with side hills near the market which produced the vine in abundance for former needs. Sonoma Valley—a great wine producer, is better known as the home of Jack London. Shortly after Jack became interested in Sonoma Co. real estate he wrote a booster story called *The Valley of the Moon*. Sonoma Valley has a southeastern exposure and the full moon after rising has a habit of peeking around the Napa hills and throwing a shaft of silvery light across the valley. Therefore they said that the Indians had called it Sonoma which they claimed meant the Valley of the Moon. Quite poetic! and it took well with the natives. Unfortunately there was still alive an old timer who understood the language of the extinct tribe of Suisun Indians and their traditions as well.

Dr. Vallejo, whose father, the general, had owned nearly all of the two valleys mentioned, until the Americans got them away from him, was living in retirement in the navy yard town that bears his family name and he gave the snap away. Sonoma don't mean "Valley of The Moon" at all. According to a legend of the Suisuness there once lived a tribe of Indians in this valley ruled over by a chief who sported a nose like Mutt. Sano means nose and the Ma part signifies "Land." "Country" or like the Spanish "*Pais*." Sonoma simply means "Nosieland." However, though truth is sometimes stranger than fiction it stands no chance with fiction before the mob. So just as most American school children still think that Columbus discovered America the kids in Sonoma Co. are taught that they are living in the Valley of the Moon. If you were to go to Santa Rosa and tell the natives that they are living in Eaglebeaks-prudderland instead of the land of the silvery orb of night you would be run out of town.

Well, at any rate the hardy wine grape has at last invaded the uplands of Mendocino Co. The hillsides are becoming mottled with the beautiful landscape effect of vineyards. One hill after the other is being cleared. John Farmer with the property complex is in his seventh heaven of delight. Land is cheap but a Madrone or Black Oak stump is at best a tough hombre and nothing short of dynamite will coax him out of the ground. The bank furnishes the dynamite and John furnishes the muscle so the hills are reverberating with the

sound of the blast. It means several years of effort to get a place in bearing but at present prices a vineyard will sometimes pay the cost of land, clearing and raising of the vines in one crop.

Of course wages are low. There are plenty of homeguards to do the work except in picking time when some outsiders are hired. They pay from \$3.50 to \$4.00 a ton and they say it takes a good man to pick a ton a day. Of course you have to carry your own nosebag as California fruit farmers never feed or lodge their help. Since it generally takes a whole family to earn a day's pay the auto tramp is about the only person that stands a show.

However, since the price has been steadily dropping the last few years as the young vines are coming into bearing, I am of the opinion that the next slump will arrive about the time that the first of the mortgages are paid off. However, there is a silver lining in the dark cloud. They call it "Modification." Lately some newspapers conducted a canvas and it was found that the same people who were a few years ago a majority for preventing the other fellow from getting a drink are now seven to one thirsty. Of course to repeal the amendment would be a rather hard matter now that they have the bootlegging industry and the enhanced force of government officials to deal with so they are going to try modification. Great idea that! They are going to try to convince you that you are not soused when you are pickled on "Dago Red." Hereafter when you wax too hilarious over the birth of the Son of Man, Xmas Eve, or get too noisy in anticipation of your regular Newyear's swearoff and have to shake hands with the judge next morning all the council you will need is a federal constitution under one arm and an empty wine jug under the other. Since the stuff is supposed to be "Intoxicating in fact" it will be easy to cite precedents to convince Baldy that a fact, in this country, is harder to prove than a fiction.

In the meantime the farmers will go on pulling stumps and the banks will go on pulling their legs—but for all that, Mendocino is a wonderful country with the wild beauty of her Madrone covered hills and the greater domestic beauty of her vineyards, and the wine—Oh Boy! The wine! If T-Bone Slim had a shot of it he wouldn't say: "Prohibition is the worst stuff I ever drank."

The October Pioneer will carry special articles on education for workers. Several such manuscripts are now here and will be recognized by all readers as products of the best minds of the revolutionary labor movement. Our next issue will be specially devoted to the Work People's College.

There will also be several book reviews, and other timely features which are sure to make the October number a real hit. Some fine articles are here now which could not be run this month due to reducing the magazine's size. They'll appear in October. Also look for a continuation of "The Empire of Oil."



LUMBERWORKERS: It was not many years ago when you were universally known as timberbeasts. The organized bosses kept you in a bestial condition. You were compelled to work long, exhausting hours; to exist on near-garbage, and to sleep in the foul air of crowded bunkhouses infested with vermin and other pests. The I. W. W. message rang out through the forests. Many heard it, and being convinced carried it forward over every hill, into every camp, until there was no place that was not reached. The message was for better conditions all along the line; for the eight-hour workday; for higher wages. It touched a responsive chord in the hearts of lumber workers, and they showed the world what the solidarity of labor means and what it can accomplish. But now in the camps the old conditions will return unless you stand together again in a revival of organization activity. It is up to you. Will you join the I. W. W. and be men, or stay divided and be suckers for the boss? Read the article beginning on the next page, and follow the example that is being set by the Ontario loggers.

ORGANIZING ONTARIO

By A. E. WINDLE

THE tons of philosophy and reams of theory with which many organizations have been bombarding the workers seems to have left the great masses of labor quite unmoved. While it is very true that every philosophy has its followers, every theory its converts, it is doubly true that philosophies are largely dreams and a theory, even at its best, is but a plan. While the verbose expoundance of a high-sounding philosophy may amuse the youth, and comfort those of the aged who still cling to their illusions—it fills no one's stomach. The soundest and most scientific theory, when inscribed upon parchment, and framed in mahogany, makes a beautiful wall decoration, but it does not and cannot supply the clothing and shelter that would enable one to smile in the face of a blizzard.

The practical application of the theory, the determined and thorough execution of carefully thought out and well laid plans, is what gets results. Ample proof of this statement is to be seen in the steady and healthy progress made by the I. W. W. in Ontario, a new district. While other districts have been marking time, Ontario has been forging ahead. After two years of struggling against all the obstacles that organizers meet in new territory, plus the disruptive tactics of a group of freaks who would like to control our organization, we have something worth showing. Our growing membership is most certainly something to shout about in this benighted country. Add to this a strong and enthusiastic auxiliary that never fails to make good when and where its services are needed, and that means always and everywhere, and you will agree that not only have we gained a foothold in Ontario—we are established!

Mark this well! Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W. is **established** in the East. Not upon a philosophic, theoretic basis, but on a rock-bottom foundation of job organization. How has this been accomplished? By hard work, and lots of it! We are happily free from those twin gerrymanders, the spittoon philosopher and hall cat legislator. Our members have put a literal interpretation upon the name, Industrial **Workers** of the World. Through ice-laden blizzards that bring tears to the eyes and cut the flesh, through cold so bitter it burns; over muskeg trails that sap the strength of the strongest, against the common foe and the damnable treachery of the self-seeking ego-maniacs in our own ranks they have fought, and fought with that bulldog tenacity we must all admire.

When they read they will laugh and say, "All that is commonplace, it is part of our



life. We are nothing but common working stiff and he tries to dress us up as idealists." They are idealists, and have this in common with all other idealists. Their ideal must remain a fond dream, a beautiful vision far off on the horizon, until their material needs are attended. They have

come to realize with the great Aristotle that, "It is necessary first to have a maintenance, and then to practice virtue." If you can imagine purest virtue having its abode in the same bunkhouse with double-pole bunks, a legion of lice, little or no ventilation, a grand array of stinking sox hanging over the stove, and a spittle-smeared floor, dear friend, you are wasting your talent in the lumber industry. You should be writing stories for magazines at a penny a word. These Wobs, idealists though they be, are practical idealists. They are bereft of all illusions. They refuse to place their faith in the age-old legend of the mythical Messiah who, some happy day, will come down

to earth and lift them, body and soul, (pole bunks and lice), out of their present sorry state, and carry them off upon his magic carpet to some ethereal world where the sun is always shining. Wouldn't caulk boots raise hell with the gold pavements?

Before an ideal can become a reality, there must be a foundation to support it. This being a material world peopled by mortals who need bread for subsistence, the foundation for our ideals, the basis of our morals, must be one of bread—and plenty of it. Philosophers are found wanting and theologians have failed to show us the way to a better life, and so we must fall back upon our own resources—seek salvation in our own humble way. After all, porkchops are more often to be found in butcher shops than in temples.

Here before our eyes is the longest unbroken stretch of timber land in the world, extending from northern Quebec to the Pacific seaboard of British Columbia. It is rich in pine, spruce, fir and other woods. Potential wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice is here, but not worth a red cent until the fallers and buckers, the skidders and rollers, the rigging men and donkey punchers strut their stuff. Utterly worthless until Labor, creator of all wealth, plays its part. There is nothing ethereal or philosophic about those trees. They are strictly material. They will submit to the assault of saw and axe, but never an inch

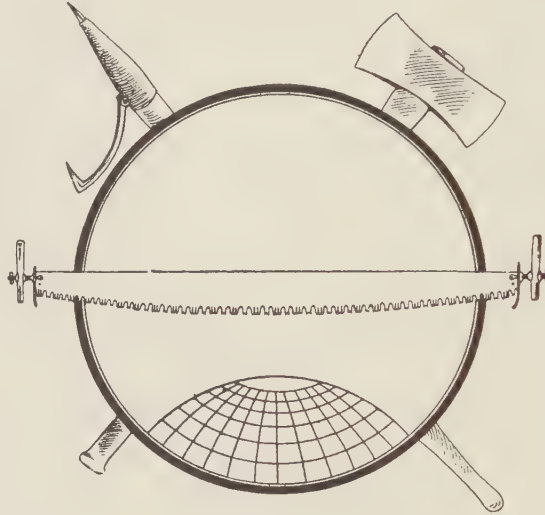
will they bend before theologic cant and twaddle.

The organized lumber barons are as firm and unbending in the face of pleas and heartfelt entreaties as the trees of this great north woods are deaf to the most eloquent sermon. The fact that you need

a new pair of shoes means nothing to him who has ten pairs of patent leathers. As the trees will submit only to saw and axe, so will the masters submit only to economic pressure. This is neither the time nor the place to philosophize. Prayers and humble invocations to imaginary deities may return to you the hollow mockery of their own faint echoes, but certainly nothing more. The master will laugh in the face of the work-

er who, moron-like, will kneel at his feet in humble subservience, begging a crumb from the table that labor's creative effort has overburdened with the good things of life. The same master would grovel in abject terror before an organized working class.

The Wobblies here know that philosophy will not fill their stomachs, and, the prayers they so trustfully offered up in innocent childhood being still unanswered, they are organizing their fellow workers to fight for the wealth they are producing and the fruits of which have been denied them. It is not the grandiloquent gestures and carefully-coined phrases of the orator, the Oxfordian compositions of writers; nor yet the "hurrah-boy" enthusiasm that vents itself in a wild burst of cheering at a propaganda meeting. It is none of these things that are building the I. W. W. in Ontario. It is that sincere, hard-working, day by day plugger, Fellow Worker Jimmie Higgins, Job Delegate, who is making the I. W. W. known and respected—hated and feared in this land where the hoosiers are no less than 1,000 per cent. It is out there on the job, there with his fellow workers in their own element, that Jim goes with his message of industrial unionism. Out there with object lessons on all sides with which to drive home his arguments. His task is no light one. He



is driven from camp to camp, usually penniless, often hungry, but never beaten. It is a revival of that spirit of '17 that established the 8-hour day in defiance of the guns and whips of sheriffs' posses. The spirit that wrote **Solidarity** on the cell walls of Everett County Jail will carry One-Twenty on to another and even greater victory than that of 1917.

Most of the cards written out in this country were written on the skidway or the deacon-seat. And this in spite of all the master's stoop pigeons. Grim though this fight be, it has its element of humor, which perhaps can best be illustrated by a business meeting held in one of the camps last winter. In this camp the majority of workers were Finns, and where you find Finns, there too, and only there, you find a bath-house. There being comparatively few members in the camp at that time, it was hardly advisable to hold a business meeting in the bunkhouse, so we held it in the bath-house dressing room. The dressing room was partitioned off into two parts, and while non-members who used the other room were having their bath, the business meeting was called to order. The chairman, who stood six foot one in his bare feet, was a noble looking specimen of manhood in his single garment, a large bath towel. The recording secretary was a striking figure, gorgeously attired in his robe of office: a green and black mackinaw tied about his middle. When it came our turn to get steamed, someone moved the motion: That this meeting adjourn for a bath, to reconvene in 30 minutes—which was carried and duly recorded with all the solemnity of parliamentary procedure. Before the spring breakup this camp gave over 50 new members to the I. W. W. Great though the difficulties be, to men who are doers there is always a way. Men who hold business meetings in bath-houses

and use the skidway for a desk are the kind of men who can organize in any country.

Why do they endure hardships, smash their way through every barrier and never get discouraged? Because they have come to recognize and learned to face this hard, cold fact. There is nothing worth while in life for the wage slave; no hope for the future, until labor stands organized to fight for its rights—the rights that prayers and pleas have failed to gain. To you of the tall timbers of the West and the turpentine bush of the South, who are organized, we say: "Waste no time or energy orating at length upon your own imagined virtues and the shortcomings of your neighbor. Get out on the job and do **YOUR** part towards making One Twenty a name to be conjured with in the lumber industry. If you will only make up your mind to do it, all debts can be swept away like so much chaff and 120 become an industrial union of which you can be justly proud. And to the great mass of unorganized we say: Your knees must now be sore from cringing at the chancel-rail mumbling prayers that are never heard, much less answered.

With hours getting longer and wages ever shrinking, the most beautiful philosophy can no longer afford you any comfort.

Get up from your knees and fight like men! The I. W. W. points the way to emancipation and shows you how to get there, but it can not drag you along. You must stand up and walk, and fight every inch of the way. We give you no empty promises, but simply tell you that you will get what you fight for.

You have lived in poverty long enough—too long. Here before you is the world and its wealth. Is this a prize worth fighting for? It is?

Then fight, fellow workers, fight!



SLINGS and ARROWS

By DANIEL TOWER

Navy representatives leave the forecasting field to God. Following the gigantic TNT blow-up at Lake Denmark, N. J., the New York TIMES stated this: "At 2 a. m., however, the magazines were still intact and officers at the arsenal said they did not know whether they would explode."

* * *

Arrangements have been made for a physical examination of John W. Thompson, St. Louis contractor, to determine whether he is in a condition to serve a two-year sentence in Leavenworth.



Thompson was convicted with

Colonel Charles Forbes of fraud in connection with hospital contracts. United States Judge Carpenter of Chicago suggested the examination. If any poor men are ever examined to determine whether they can endure a prison term, the newspapers keep it a dark secret.

* * *

As a special favor to a superstitious prisoner in the death house, the Maryland authorities have consented to hang him on the 12th of the month instead of doing it on the 13th. Our idea is that it is just as unlucky to be hanged on the 12th as on the 13th. But the authorities want to spare the man's feelings.

* * *

Letters from Pontius Pilate to Herod have just been published in book form for the first time, according to an advertisement of a New York publisher. They were written following the crucifixion of Christ. We haven't read those letters, but doubtless they indicate what a California judge thinks about after he has sentenced a Wobbly to San Quentin on a criminal syndicalism charge.

* * *

Each month's newspaper dispatches tell of the capture of one or more of the three D'Autremont brothers, always in some new portion of the country. The brothers are billed as I. W. W. members (although they aren't) in the police reward notices in connection with the Siskiyou train robbery in Oregon. You read that a suspect has been identified as one of the three, and then you don't hear anything more about that suspect.

News about captures of the D'Autremont boys is akin to the casualty statistics during the war in Europe. Some of the big newspapers and press

associations killed off more Germans in their news columns that there were soldiers in all the armies on both sides.

* * *

When we hear super-patriots fighting the so-called "great" war over again, we take comfort in thought about a comment on it uttered by an old-time grocer in our home town in Illinois.

He was busy picking over sprouted onions when a traveling man came in, with two sample cases and a copy of a Chicago paper.

"They're having a tremendous battle over on the Marne," remarked the traveling man.

"Well, they've certainly got a good day for it," said the grocer.

* * *

There was a stirring reunion of veterans of that war the other day in Dallas, Texas, with a leading hotel there as headquarters. The gathering occurred when the hotel clerk, who was a lieutenant in France, summoned the head waiter, who had been a corporal, and the captain of the bellhops, who had been a sergeant, and had them throw out an ex-colonel, who was cluttering up the lobby.

* * *

One more great man has passed on, and another steps forward to take his place. Robert Todd Lincoln, who distinguished himself by being the son of Abraham, and by being head of the Pullman Company, payer of low wages to porters, is dead. Simultaneously with the demise of Mr. Lincoln, we read that Anton Friberg, manager of a copper company's branch office at Bisbee, Arizona, has worked up to the eminence of being the tallest man in the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. He is 6 feet 9, and still growing.

* * *

In the Hall-Mills murder case, lately reopened after four years in New Brunswick, N. J., it develops that a detective employed to investigate the crime shortly after its occurrence, carefully wiped with a handkerchief the spectacles found upon the slain clergyman and said: "Those aren't fingerprints; those are fly specks."

Jersey cops and Jersey justice are wonderful things. During the Passaic strike, a cop there arrested a picket in a hardware store and took him outside.

"Lemme go in and get my cap," said the prisoner, "I left it inside."

"Nix," answered the policeman; "you think I'm a boob, don't you? If I let you go in and get that cap, you'd sneak out the back door and get away from me. . . . You wait here and I'll go in and get the cap for you."

We hear from Florida that the prohibition enforcement officials are falling over one another in their search for lawbreakers. H. B. Boone, an observant traveler who is sojourning in the great swamp state, writes from the town of Daizey describing how the searching is done.

"We do not often see a prohibition agent in Daizey," Boone explains. "I had never seen one before until I happened to be at the store in Daizey buying some groceries. The store is a new one facing, across the road, a clearing ready to be planted with orange trees. Behind it is a clearing with the young orange trees already in the ground.

"The agent drove up in a 1926 Cadillac. It was a hot day and he was a fat man. He breathed quickly. He addressed the storekeeper. 'Mr. Crawford,' he said, 'I've got a warrant to search your place. Somebody says you sell whiskey. I'm a government man.'

"'Sure,' said Mr. Crawford. 'Help yourself.'

"The government man regarded his car. 'It's safe in the road, isn't it? It's a Cadillac.'

"'I reckon so,' said the storekeeper. 'I've seen Renaults and Rolls-Royces parked where yours is. A Cadillac is like a Ford on this road. Will you have a cold bottle of Coca-Cola?'

"'I don't mind,' said the G. A. 'Gee, it's hot! I've been in Sanford, and they sent me up here to go over it. What you got here, a wilderness?'

"'Man, ain't this a clearing?' The storekeeper swept with his hand the palmetto-covered flat before them and the palmetto-covered flat to right and left. 'Go on with your search, fellow, I'm busy.'

"'Say,' said the storekeeper, 'weren't you a barber in Jacksonville?'

"'Sure,' said the G. A. 'And weren't you a deputy sheriff?'

"'Sure,' said the storekeeper. 'I graduated, and you ain't even what you was.'

"'That's the truth,' answered the G. A. 'Well, I've been over this territory. I'll bet there's snakes in those palmettos. I didn't find any whiskey here, but I've been here, eh?'

"'Sure,' said the storekeeper. 'Count on me to tell 'em.'"

* * *

We know a lawyer in Chicago who was a Department of Justice operative during the war. He resigned immediately after the Armistice, and says he almost broke his neck in his haste to get out of the service. He happens to be Irish, and he told us one day about the zest with which some of the D. of J. men performed their daily work. Here is one example:

A secret service man rings a doorbell of a flat out on the South Side. The door is opened by a red-haired man.

"Are you Mister McGinnis?" inquires the caller. "I am that."

"Well, Mister McGinnis, my name is McGlogerty, and I'm from the Department of Justice. . . . Mister McGinnis, you never said that Woodrow Wilson was no good and ought to be bumped off, did you?"

"Well, I thought you didn't," says the D. of J. man, "but we've got to investigate all these charges. Excuse me for botherin' you."

* * *

Blurb-writers on the New York TIMES wear seven-league boots at work. They announce an article on the discovery of a Viking burial ground and Runic inscriptions "near Seattle, Washington." Seattle, as we recall it, is some 300 miles from Spokane, where the graveyard and strange writings actually were found.

* * *

From reading a want ad in the TIMES, we suspect that a mysterious slaying has lately occurred.

"\$50 REWARD—Parrot, green, lost from 814 West 59th, answering to 'I Love You,' 'Oh, doctor,' and imitates children crying."

The Awakening

By RICHARD POWERS

THE modern slave now stands at bay
Awakening from the dream at last.

His chains are falling day by day—
He is breathing from the feudal past.

Crushed by misery, want and woe,
He hears his children cry for bread.

The masters say it must be so;

"'Tis written in the book," they said.

But the die is cast; "the battle's on."

And freedom's star is rising fast.

The hope bequeathed from sire to son

Is dawning on the world at last—

A glad world siring like a dream

Free from poverty and from crime,

Where man will be at last supreme,

Lord of himself and king of time.





The I. W. W. on a Full-Rigged Ship

By HARRY CLAYTON

A CONSIDERABLE amount of trade is still conducted in sailing vessels. These old relics of a bygone industrial era are, like other backwaters of capitalism, an opportunity for exploitation of labor to make up for technical inferiority. The fact that they can be still kept running shows that the power of exploitation is something marvelous. As I am now a slave on a "windjammer" and have not seen this particular part of the capitalist system recently exposed to the shame it deserves, I will take this opportunity to spread a little information about it, not new perhaps to the marine workers, but probably interesting to those who have never "gone to sea."

We signed on "The Star of Russia" in Tacoma, June 1st of this year and are now out at sea thirty days. During that time we have seen but one steamer, the "President Wilson," and have sighted no land except some island of the "Union Group"—these a long distance away over the waters of the South Pacific. How long the voyage will take depends entirely on the winds. A direct course to our final destination would be something like 6,000 miles, but we are apt to cover 10,000 or more because of weather conditions over which we have no control.

A Venerable Old Hulk

The "Star of Russia" is a full rigged sailing vessel, formerly owned by the Alaska Parkers' Association. It has been sold by them to a French company in New Caledonia, a French possession, 700 miles off the north coast of Australia, where the French capitalist government maintains a penal and exile colony, and inflicts like blessings of civilization upon the native population. The French company expects to strip down our ship and use it as a barge in Noumnia, New Caledonia.

Talk as you like about the famous old shell games, three card monte games, and other million to one chances to lose money which the gambling fraternity has invented, but those propositions were highly moral and fair compared with the deals handed to the workers in these days. Our case, that of the "Star of Russia," is one in point. The Alaska Parkers, a Guggenheim outfit, finds it convenient to dispose of this relic of the past, so they sell it to the Frenchmen for many times its original cost. But they are not satisfied with this, they must make still more profits and take out of the workers' hides the cost of delivering the obsolete old hulk. So workers in Tacoma load her with timber to be delivered and sold at ports on the way for a handsome profit, and this much more than pays the few dollars the crew get for delivering the ship itself to the buyer in Noumnia. They put on 1,500,000 feet of lumber in Tacoma; 250,000 feet will be discharged at Appia, Samoa, our first stop, and the rest at Noumnia.

A Senator Speaks of Ships

And what do we get out of it? If you believe some people, we ought to pay for the privilege of living such a happy life. Senator Free, of California, in speaking officially on maritime affairs, said in substance that all that is required of those who man the ships of every sea is a strong back and a weak mind, and intimated that of course that is all they should be paid for. He was speaking in opposition to a raise in wages for American seamen. He arrived at this conclusion after making a few trips as a first class passenger on a steamboat.

This wordy congressman from the worthy state of California now knows full well that any lubber, himself included, can box the compass, keep the ship on its course in very troubled water, pull the braces, square and brace the yards, "jump up aloft" (sometimes 200 feet or more) and make fast the sails, launch the lifeboats without mishap to life or limb, splice wire and rope, set up standard rigging, stand by the fore bolling when the top sail is hauled in tacking ship, go up the old wooden galleen yard and put on a head earing without using the bull wunger. The good congressman is quite sure that any lubber, himself included, will know the difference between a bunt line and a gant line, and will realize when it is necessary to rig down a royal yard. Should the elements tear the sails to shreds, the expert Congressman Free will tell you that no skill or intelligence is necessary to distinguish between the roping of a sail and the flat seam in order to use a palm and needle; most any "hairy ape" will know how to put in a reef cringle when it is torn away; the seaman with nothing but muscle headgear to recommend his will keep cool and collected in times of trying emergencies when the lives of all on board depend on his executing complicated and technical orders with precision and exactness. Nothing need be said of the courage (perhaps the congressman doesn't know what it means) needed to face snowstorms and climb aloft to make fast sails while terrific gales are raging and when cold blasts have covered the rigging with ice.

Well, Congressman Free was discussing the wages

of sailors. He probably knows, but how many of the workers on land realize, how little a seaman has to look forward to when he reaches his voyage's end? Ordinary seamen receive \$47.50 on Shipping Board Vessels, and "A. B.'s" get \$62.50. Crews on other ships (they are in a majority) rate less wages—even as little as \$20 a month on the Panamanian Line. One cannot be particular as to what flag he sails under as economic necessity knows no national boundaries. At the highest rates a seaman can earn \$750 for a 365-day year, which means that he would have to have a steady berth, a thing that almost never happens; there is a long time of waiting between trips that must be spent "on the beach" is unremunerative idleness.

But wages are not after all our major interest, or should not be. One of the most deplorable features of the whole system is the fact that the workers in all industries measure their welfare almost exclusively in dollars, in the amount of wages paid them, neglecting conditions, and especially living standards. The workers as a whole do not yet realize that since they produce all the wealth that there is, they are entitled to the very best and finest there is in life. One who makes this assertion will still meet with ridicule from workers themselves. They think it a huge joke when anybody seriously affirms that workers should ride in Pullman cars instead of box cars and in first class cabins instead of stuffy, foul-smelling fo'c'sles, or if one says that workers should have choice cuts of meat instead of hamburger steak—and in general should scorn the scraps and crumbs of the social product and demand and take the best.

On ship board they may not even get enough scraps. On this particular ship we know what actual hunger is. As I write it is just past midnight. Those on the "graveyard watch" (12 to 4 p. m.) are on duty. The night is cold, the kind of a night when men would relish a warm cup of coffee, but we are not allowed even that. The table is bare with the exception of some dry bread. We would like to have that congressman here!

When we are fed it is nothing wonderful. There was a time, when I enjoyed the hospitality of the State of Sovereign Moronity, California, that I looked upon beans as a hateful abomination. But now pork has usurped the place of beans in my hierarchy of dislikes.

Our cook hasn't washed himself since the three wise men went to visit the savior; the crew has him marked for frying if we should ever be wrecked

and cast adrift on some foodless island, for he is already larded. But our cook, God rasp his greasy hide, is a genius of a sort. He can think of more ways to cook pork than the bible has contradictions. We get pork plain, parboiled, souped, fried, made into cakes, as wet hash and as dry hash, and as a spread for bread. Salt, fat pork it is, without a streak of lean, for breakfast, dinner and supper, all these many days. It's ancient, too; I'm inclined to think that we are just now eating, on this voyage, the male of that famous pair of swine that was saved from the wrath of God at the time of the flood.

We begin to think kindly of cannibalism. It is said that these South Sea Islanders had only one domestic animal, the pig. What wonder that they went to any extreme to secure a change of diet? And these supposedly ignorant savages of New Caledonia and such places live on the most aristocratic meat in the world, man meat, while we poor sailors get the flesh of that mud wallowing, filth devouring, slime hound, the hog—and eat it right to the bristly snout! It's not fair.



Of course, there is other food served to us. There is salt canned horse. Poor old Dobbin! After long years of arduous service, his well hardened muscles to be ungratefully stewed and dished out to us, his fellow slaves! This "hoss" we are eating now, I am persuaded, is the same identical one made famous so many years ago in song and story by Oliver Wendell Holmes—the "hoss" that pulled the One Hoss Shay.

Then, salt cod! Salt cod laid to rest in a hog's head when the art of salting was first invented, along about the time they built the Great Chinese Wall!

Looking forward to meal time is about as joyful as the last days of a condemned man.

Of this sort of diet we are supposed to work twelve hours a day in fair weather and any number of hours in bad weather, to be called from our bunks in the wee hours of the morning to help tack ship, or to climb aloft in the dangerous, shrieking dark. It is far-fetched imagination that can find any pleasurable romance in this. Poets sing the beauty of the stars, but men who work watches of four hours on and four off find themselves too fagged to enjoy anything but the tired doze of a beast. Even the impressiveness of the mighty Pacific Ocean palls on one when we see nothing but its vast expanse of water, day after day.

This sort of life is bad for men, and surely no-



body has to be convinced of it. But it was not until the I. W. W. came aboard this ship that anything was done to help much. On the last trip the whole crew was unorganized. There was a mixture of nationalities, and two men were part colored. The second mate, who is a born sucker, took every mean advantage of them and roundly abused them, calling the two mixed bloods, "Niggers," and "Black Bastards," flourishing a gun while he did all this.

Seven of that crew are still with us, but you can bet your sweet life that none of them are abused in the manner described, by mate, second mate, or skipper. As a matter of fact, the second mate now gives "orders" in a tone of apology. We made him realize right from the start that we were sticking together against those "aft" and that we would consider an injury to one an injury to all, resenting it with direct action.

This condition was brought about by the fact that soon after we came aboard, we lined up the seven old members of the crew, making it 100 per cent organized, I. W. W. We found that the old-timers on board had been working for less than the Shipping Board wage. We held a meeting, formulated demands for a uniform scale but didn't present them until the skipper came to give orders to "cast off lines." How could the master win and how could we lose with this kind of direct action tactics? He couldn't do anything else but give in. He has to submit or stand to lose many times the sum involved in the raise in wages.

It didn't take a ton of beef to convince the new members of the I. W. W. on this ship that the I. W. W. form of organization can deliver the goods. They may not all stay with the union, but the majority of them will, and they will be real social rebels. It is rebels we need.

The skipper may try some tricks on us at the end of the voyage, but we look to our solidarity to

frustrate him. As I was writing the above he had the messboy in his cabin to feel him out about the crew. He asked the messboy, "Are you a W? You better keep away from them, Young Man, it's a good thing to keep clear of those W's."

But his whole crew are "W's" now.

MY BROTHER

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

He is my brother who is thirsty
after love,
Who in the long gray days
ponders sad of heart,
And inly weeps for sorrows
passing by uncomforted.
Of me he is,
And I of him,
A sad, sad army of sadder
souls who lie in prison
cells,
And crouch by wayside tracks,
Tramps, vagabonds,
Thieves, prostitutes,
And workers racked with pain.
He is my brother who forever
cries out, I am my brother's
keeper,
Who stands and boldly says,
This man is Christ and cruci-
fied for me,—
In jails, in penitentiaries, and
convict camps,—
Who cries, Mary, my sister,
Thou kneelest at a cross of
bartered flesh
Where purity hangs spiked
with nails of gold;
Let me raise thee up:
Who in the night hours wakes,
And feels all his manhood
surge to life for godlike
souls,
Starved, beaten, chained in
dungeons of oppression.
He is my brother!
Oh, that our strength were
one, our wills, our souls!
Then would the thunder roll,
The lightning flash,
The heavens open, and the
workers come!

GOOD ADVICE



THE EDITOR:

Sir,—The verses of which I enclose a copy are, I think you will agree with me, worthy of reproduction and of the wide circulation your journal can give them. The piece is entitled "To Foreign Agitators in America," and the author is Glen Allen. M. A. E.

You and your fellows clutter up our streets
With soap-box orators whose shoutings vex us;
Now, turn about, we'd like to ask of you
Some questions that considerably perplex us.

The first thing we should really like to ask—
If we seem personal, you must excuse us—
Is this, Why did you come? Why leave your homes
And travel all this way—just to abuse us?

We have no tyrants here with heads to take off
No czar, no king, nor any potentate.
With sport so good at home, what brings you
where
There are no tyrannies to agitate?

We have one ruler here and only one—
A sovereign we obey most willingly —
The Ballot Box! Its verdict we accept,
With calmness bow ourselves to its decree.

We never asked you here—so much is flat!
We could have worried on contentedly
It's gauche to mention it, but haven't you
Transgressed the laws of hospitality?

It's our intention to suggest to you—
And some might even call it plainly hinting—
We're weary of the kind of guests you are!
So—here's your hats! And are you good at
sprinting?

TO M. A. E.:

Sir.—The verses of which you enclose a copy are, I think all will agree with me, devoid of any original ideas, but since the mistaken notions with which they abound have already wide circulation, our journal will answer them with what publicity it can. The answer may be entitled, "To the Business Men of America."

We notice that our plain words seem to blister
You hundred-plus per cent of Yankee pride;
We grant that you're perplexed; we'll try,
Sob Sister,
To more remember how much you must learn.

Why did we come? Perhaps first YOU should
answer

Why did YOU come? No Sioux invited you!
His social body found you like a cancer;
You took his hills, his game, his trees, his
life.

The goodly fruit of saw and plow and market,
The very street you now forbid to us,
Your conquering car, where'er you choose to
park it,
Rest on the usurped land you rulers stole.

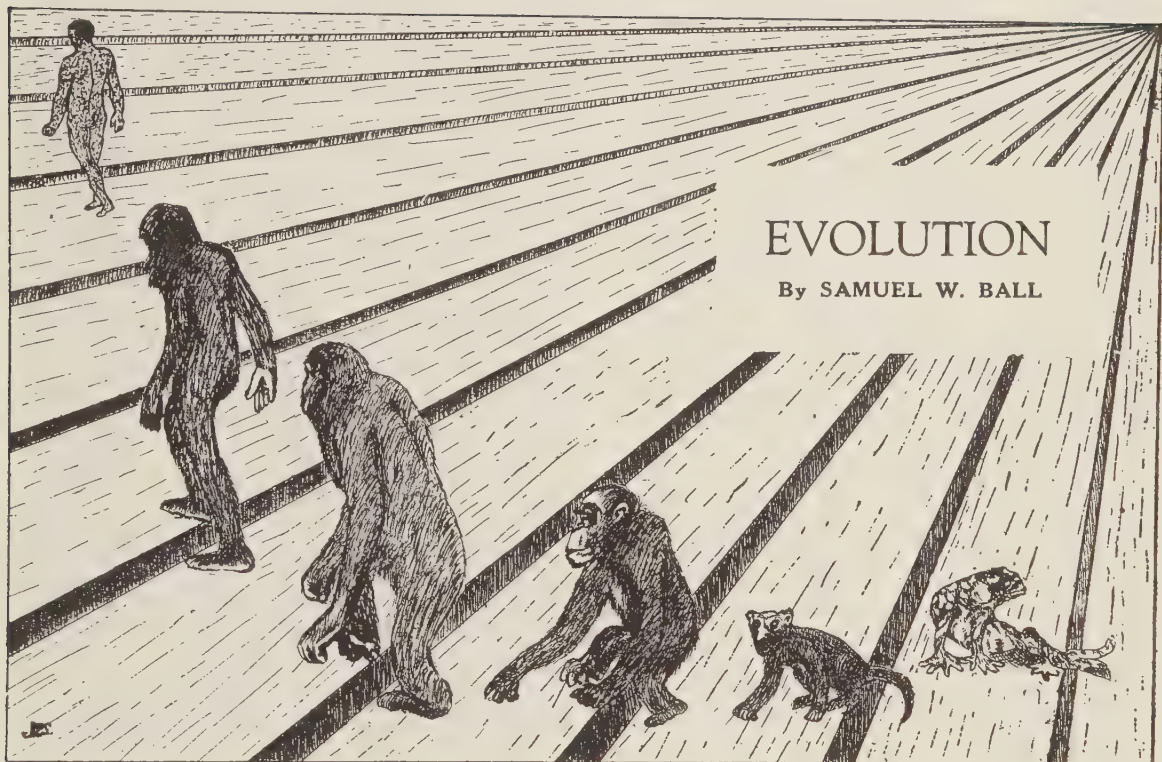
For you are rulers, yes; the ballot's flutter
But shows the steady slush fund's oozy drift
You golden kings stoop not to reach the gutter;
Your birth was there; in foulest ways you rule.

These little truths are hard for you to swallow,
Fat Bourgeois of this fat America,
But while in products of OUR toil you wallow,
Remember OUR right here's as good as yours!

Our right to our toil's products better still—
Yes, some might even call it plainly hinting—
We're weary of the kind of hosts you are!
So—here's your hats! And are you good at
sprinting?

THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE INDUST
RIAL PROLETARIAT IN AMERICA ARE

EITHER FOREIGN BORN OR THE CHI
LDREN OF FOREIGN BORN PARENTS



EVOLUTION

By SAMUEL W. BALL

A PIANO and a rifle, at first sight, seem to have no obvious relation, one to the other. No one, hastily thinking of either, realizes that both came from one generalized form or parent.

Such, however, are the facts. Both piano and rifle can in history be traced back to a common beginning in the bow and arrow. With the bow and arrow man discovered a more efficient means of obtaining action at a distance. This was gradually improved through the ages and culminated in the modern rifle, that kills at a mile or more.

The Bowman, when he released the taut string, noted the musical tones as a result of its vibration. This knowledge and its subsequent additions gave rise to a whole series of stringed instruments, improved upon from time to time, with the result that we have the modern piano.

The bow and arrow being a generalized form gave rise to great progeny of inventions, all varying among themselves. This, in small, is a concrete illustration of the whole theory of evolution. It indicates the nature of the facts from which the theory of evolution has been substantiated.

The best definition of evolution, perhaps, was advanced by Prof. James Scully. He described evolution as, "A natural history of the cosmos, including organic beings, expressed in physical terms as a mechanical process."

Ever since man has attained to the status *reason*, some of his numbers have concerned themselves and speculated about how the world came to be. In addition they asked, how did it come to have the particular form that it now has? Man queried, "How did I and all other creatures come here? There must be some underlying cause and explanation for it all." How far back in history these thoughts and speculation go we cannot now know. Man's early past has now been all but completely obliterated, so much so, that we will probably never arrive at any definite conclusion regarding OUR beginning. What the men of earliest Egypt, Assyria, Babylon and other oriental tribes and nations thought about the world and man's presence here is at its best but conjecture; later, in those countries, creation myths developed.

Coming to the Greeks, the very lively, highly imaginative and free thinking race of the central Mediterranean, some definite non-mythical ideas begin to emerge. As early as 600 years B. C. some of their men had formulated general explanations for the beginning of the world, life, animals and man. Later, more audacious speculators in ideas began to question the origin of the habits, customs and institutions of man. In Ionia, on the mainland of western Asia Minor, three men, Thales, Anaximander and Anaximenes, sought to explain the existence of the world and life as generated out of some form of primordial matter. In this, these men of 2500 years ago resemble modern scientists. Both groups contend that this basic, simple substance has generative and transmutative powers which caused it to grow into all these more complicated forms.

Empedocles, who lived in the island of Sicily, improved and strengthened the idea of evolution. In fact, if we may so say, Empedocles was the Darwin of the Greeks. He did attempt, however vainly, to explain the beginnings of organic beings. The variations among the forms of life were theoretically explained by this man of Western Greece. As a reasoner, Empedocles was very fanciful, yet he did seek a mechanical and materialistic explanation for all things.

The next man of importance, in this seeking out of simplified beginnings of things, was Democritus. He was the originator of the Atomic Theory. In this he reduced the original substance to the last word of simplicity, the inference flowing from this conclusion being that once upon a time, all things came from this undifferentiated substance.

Aristotle, the heir to all the learning of Greece, is the next man of importance, being in and by himself a veritable encyclopaedia. No theory or idea brought forward in the 350 years of speculation prior to his time was foreign to this great thinker. He, also, made his contributions to evolution, most significant of which is that contained in his book on *Politics*. In this he demonstrates that human history has a naturalistic basis, is conditioned by necessity, ever changing and varying from day to day. Neither Aristotle, nor his precursors, probably ever used such a definite term as evolution, yet the essential idea, in germ, is contained in their works and runs through all their thinking.

The first act of the great drama of history was now finished and with the downgoing of the curtain the world of intellect fell into "dreadful night." Its place in the affairs of men thereafter was insignificant. During the darkness, while the second act was in process, embracing all the years from Aristotle to Bruno, the idea of evolution was vague and indistinct. All during this period men were hampered, not in speculation, perhaps, but in the expression of their ideas. It was not until after the discovery of the new world by Columbus that

thinking came again into its early freedom and attained its pristine glory with Bruno.

When it was actually proven that the world is round, rotating daily, thought took on a new lease of life. With the discoveries of other lands and peoples, the increase of trade, growth of the middle class and merchants, the third act of the human drama opens, and comes to its culmination with Charles Darwin.

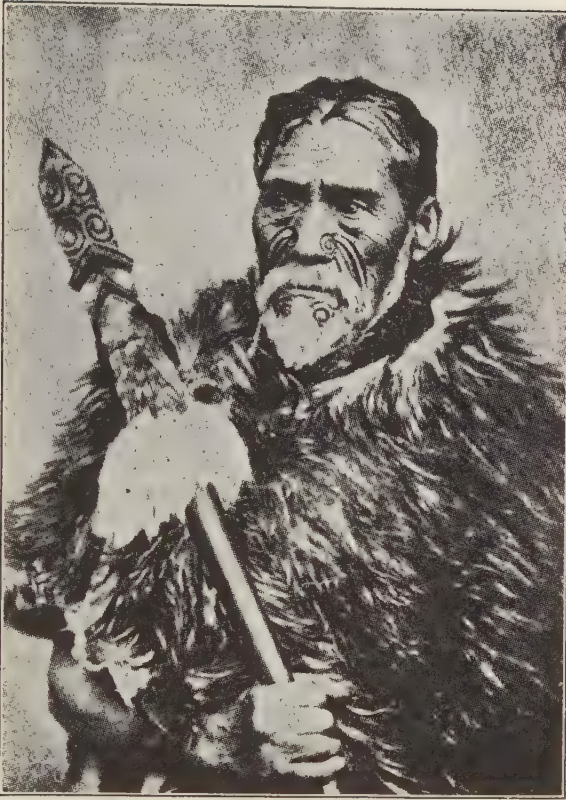
The significance of Darwin is not in the formulation of the theory nor in the discovery of evolution. The theory of evolution had been stated and stated over and over again, in fact it had been restated in one or another form, every generation for 2400 years, in rare instances even more clearly than by either Darwin or Spencer. Darwin's significance is entirely that he of all men actually proved evolution to be a fact.

The voyage of the *Beagle*, going to the Canary Islands, South America and Australia, carrying Darwin as naturalist, came back with the proofs of evolution and presented them to the people of England, later to be transmitted to the entire world. Upon his arrival home, Darwin began arranging his facts, which in 1859 were set forth in the epoch-making book the *Origin of Species*. Never before, in all the long history of the human intellect, had such an event, revolution, if you will, taken place. From that time forward, science, knowledge of the world and life, was to come to its full stature and march forward with a sure and steady step.

Evolution now become a tangible proven fact—it become the one, all embracing generalization regarding the world, its beginning and gradual development. Heretofore many "tools of the mind" had been devised or invented, but the greatest and most efficient was that of evolution as expounded by Charles Robert Darwin.

Darwin was the gatherer of the proofs. Soon after him came Herbert Spencer who took the "tool of the mind" thus efficiently made and applied it to every department of Nature's manifestations. Spencer applied the theory to suns and stars, to planets. He demonstrated how life came to elements. After life came feeling, leading to consciousness and intellect. Intellect gave rise to society in whose train came religion, philosophy, ethics, art, manufacturing and law. Spencer was the agency through which we came to know the inter-relation existing between the "farthest star and every beating heart." So we may now quite confidently say that with the closing of the nineteenth century, man, in his intellectual progress; in his understanding of the world, passed to manhood. Heretofore, he had been a child, with the vague ideas and wonder of a child. Now he became a man with a clear, definite and determined purpose.

Prior to the nineteenth century the great majority of men centered their interest around some form of religious thought. Such wealth as was



PRIMITIVE CARVING ON FACE AND WEAPON OF TRIBESMAN

produced flowed toward religious institutions, and to these the aspiring man looked for a realization of his ambitions and the rounding out of a career. It came to be that religion monopolized the talent of the day.

With the coming of Darwin the face of the world of intellect changed. Now science, with its inductive method, superseded religion and philosophy in the minds of the great thinkers. Men of talent and genius began to enroll themselves in the ranks of science. With this ever increasing army of workers every department of Nature was investigated. Now relatively few men seek careers in religion and philosophy, but the halls of science are crowded with eager aspirants. Those men realize, as we do now, and realize it more clearly as each day passes, that the fate and welfare of man on earth is indissolubly bound up with the development of science and its hand-maiden, evolution.

Since evolution and science have thus attained this eminent and foremost place, it will not, at this time, come amiss to devote some time to a discussion of their most salient features.

The anatomists know definitely that all animals, man included, have the same general structural plan. The plan is the same for fish, reptile, bird, mammal and man; the heart, the lungs of each function the same for each. The counterpart of

man's skeleton, bone for bone, can be found in the horse, the monkey, the seal and the bat. The wings of a bird and the fins of a fish are like men's limbs. Of the five laws of evolution anatomy furnishes undeniable proof of the truth of the first, i.e., like produces like, or in other words, heredity.

We also know, not less definitely, that life results from the compounding of the chemical elements. Since those chemical elements of which life is composed could more easily mix in water than elsewhere, life very probably began in the sea.

The creatures gradually migrated from the water to dry land, and learned how to breathe air. In Africa, at the present time, there lives a species of fish, *protopterus* or "lung fish." This creature differs from other fish in so far as to be able to aerate water, and maintain itself as an air breather when necessary. If there is much water it does not drown. In cases of long dry seasons it can survive. The lung-fish is an animal that is half-way between the water breathers and the air breathers. It is one of the missing links in the chain of life, and demonstrates the process by which life made the transition from water to land.

With the coming of life, came feeling, and out of the feeling grew consciousness. From consciousness came the intellect which has grown in acuteness and range through the ages, the creature having the best developed intellect being man. Since this is manifest it is of more than passing interest, and we should use some of the time at our disposal for a consideration of man's advent into the world.

In entering upon this phase of the subject we should keep steadily in mind the fact that the world was probably a billion years of age before man appeared.

After the appearance of the land, animals learned how to breathe air and came upon it. Thus began the age of amphibians or double-breathers. In the next geological age the snake, crocodiles and alligators appear. They are reptiles or true air breathers. The temperature of the land surface was lowered with the consequence that cold-blooded reptiles developed warm blood and feathers, transforming them into birds. The geological record demonstrates how slowly and imperceptibly this great transformation or evolution was accomplished.

The temperature of the earth's surface continued to lower, and as it did so the mammals or fur-bearing animals appeared, from which as a final term, came the anthropoid apes.

From this family of apes, the branch known as the catarrhines, came man. Environmental conditions being not suitable to him the intellect was developed as a counterpoise to untoward surroundings. With the aid of his large brain, man discovered fire, migrated, and in due time gradually disposed of the fur that once covered him. The results can be tabled by arranging them un-

der eight heads as follows: Age of fire, water, islands, reptiles, birds, mammals, man and invention.

So much for the story of our earth and its inhabitants. Now some will be disposed to ask; "Is there life in other parts of the universe? Of this we must confess our absolute ignorance. There may be on other worlds than ours, but of this we have no evidence. Some years ago a lawyer in Pittsburgh announced that he had found a meteor containing life. When examined minutely no evidence of life was found. Arrhenius, the very eminent Swedish scientist is of the opinion that life is communicated from one world to another by beams of light. However he submits no tangible proof of his theory. Schiaparelli, Italian astronomer, insists that there is life on Mars, and Camille Flammarion of France contends that life maintains on the other planets of the solar system.

No one of these men have, up to this time, submitted tangible proof. All that we have is their mere say so, and, since men are able to say anything, such statements should only be accepted provisionally. To prove is quite a difficult and different matter.

On this earth there is life, the proofs for this are reliable. Up to this time no one has proven that life exists elsewhere. Until that is done we can only confess our ignorance. Therefore, let us return to a consideration of life and its evolution upon earth.

In looking about us the most astounding thing about life is the great variety of its forms. There are hundreds of thousands of insects, 1500 varieties of men, and about half a million different plants. All are different, yet so much alike, that scientists have concluded that all came from one original source. The botanists have shown that all plants are related one to the other. Sponges are similar to plants; fishes and sponges are related. Amphibians are the direct descendents of fishes, reptiles follow amphibians, and birds are nothing less than feathered, warm blooded reptiles. The structure of bird and mammals is the same. Any man nowadays who denies or contradicts these facts has no standing in the scientific world. Denial, to be given consideration, must be substantiated by adequate proofs, none of which seems to be forthcoming.

At the top of this long line of life, the ultimate product of long ages of evolution, stands man, of the species *homo*, department *Vertabrata*, class *Mammalia*, and sub-class *Placentalia*. This animal, man, is like a whole tribe in having a back-bone, it suckles the young like tens of thousands, and feeds the embryo like other thousands. Tissue and flesh of man are the same as in other animals. In skeleton, muscles, nervous system, digestive apparatus, blood vessels and excretive system there is no difference worthy of note. He has the same number of limbs, eyes, ears and digits, works on the same principle, and functions like other animals.



BEFORE THE WHEEL WAS INVENTED

Fears, emotions, sensibilities are manifested by the animals. Dogs, cats, horses, chickens, pigeons, snakes and fish, as feeling creatures are beyond doubt closely allied to man. The body of the gibbon, hands of a gorilla, skull of a chimpanzee, head of an ouran-outang, and the face of the lemur, if put into a composite picture would be an exact resemblance to man.

Nor is this the end of the story. Astronomy, geology, biology; all, offer overwhelming proof of our theses, but the evidence supplied by embryology is even more convincing. In this branch of science we learn that man as an embryo and foetus, from conception to birth, passes through each gradation or step in the long history of the race. The history of man as an embryo, recapitulates the history of man as a race. The ontogeny and phylogeny intermingle and run their courses concurrently. Each man begins life as a simple primordial cell, which after becoming impregnated grows and becomes fish-like. Later, as it develops, it takes on the characteristics of an amphibian, and yet later those of a reptile. Following this in order are the bird and mammalian stages, culminating by its emergence into the world man-like.

The embryo of man, in the short space of nine months, begins as a cell 125,000th of an inch in diameter and evolves into a baby. Twenty-seven years later it is capable of formulating a philosophy, writing a great drama, or propounding a Darwinian Hypothesis. If such great and far-reaching transformations can take place in so short a time as thirty years what can we not expect from Nature who has an abundance of material and time at her disposal? Nature is and can well be prodigal and extravagant with the forms produced.

The development of man, his various transformations in embryo, has been named "The Law of Bio-genesis." It is only one of a multifarious array of proofs of man's animal ancestry—just simple plain facts. It is true such facts come unwelcomed. The average man receives them but re-

luctantly. This may be because he has an innate desire to be of and from the gods. To explain man's ancestry upon an animal basis is all too simple for him. He regards it as a rather coarse idea. Such being the case many generations of men will have to come and go before this truth is tolerated and entertained by the great majority. Owing to the systems of heraldry and long pedigrees of the Middle Ages, man has inherited ideas of his own importance and godliness. Science, therefore, has a long, arduous and thankless task ridding man of such superficial notions. However, great and difficult as the task appears, it will be in due time accomplished.

Science endeavors not to confound, but to simplify; to make all reasonable and understandable. But your average man has given his intellectual allegiance to the strange, marvelous and unknowable. All of us, in more than one sense, are metaphysicians. We are not satisfied with simplicity. Facts are unwelcome, and, perhaps the most unwelcome of all has been that of evolution with its inference that man has a long line of animal ancestry behind him.

Let us, in spite of this popular opposition, grant the truths of evolution, and if we can do this we can then postulate that at some time in some part of the world, a member of the ape family, gradually and very slowly, during many generations, acquired a large brain, the ability to vary his vocal sounds, began to walk upright as the arms shortened and fur disappeared, and came to have a double curved spine.

Picturing such a development to ourselves we can then imagine this creature walking on the ground partly erect. This much and no more would differentiate him from all other apes. Moreover, such exercise would have a tendency to increase and sharpen such intellect as he happened to possess at the time. That in itself, even so little as it may have been, would open the way for greater acquisitions in the same direction, and in due course would result in the full fledged man that we now see hereabouts.

If we examine and weigh the various brain masses of the animals beginning with amphioxidae and passing in order to fish, amphibian, reptile, bird and mammal, with man as a final term, we discover a gradual and proportional increase in the whole series. Plants have no need for a brain. Nutrient for them is inorganic and is abundant in most every locality; they have no need of locomotion, they thrive where they are placed. With animals, subsisting upon organic food which is relatively scarce, the ability to move is essential to life. To move, sense and find food, requires a center or ganglion to record impressions. The necessity for activity gave rise to a brain, and having been developed it was enlarged by activity and exercise. As we ascend the scale of development we find that this has been the general mode of procedure. In this process there comes a time

when the ape leaves the trees and begins walking erect upon the ground. Truth to tell the development from ape to man is simple as compared with the great strides taken from fish to ape.

Walking about, especially in habitats natural to apes, was, to say the least, rather hazardous. In such localities lions, tigers and leopards abound. They are large, ferocious and hungry. In their midst the defenceless ran the risk of being eaten. He could only compete with such large animals by wit or sagacity. On the basis of strength, the ape was outclassed. In sagacity and in agility he was their superior, and there is every reason for inferring that he did not neglect to use such ability as he happened to possess.

In addition to this, the food for the most part was in trees; quite out of his reach. This also required cunning or sagacity to obtain. Exercising such faculties as he had would have a tendency to increase and develop them. Thus the brain mass of the creature was increased and this in turn enhanced its qualitative effectiveness.

This would develop to the place where events and surroundings would give rise to the necessity for speech or language. In fact all the mammals, the fur-bearing animals, have well developed vocal cords. Most of the reptiles, on the other hand, are silent. This is well exemplified to the visitor at the zoo in New York City. In the snake-house all is silent as the tomb, while on the opposite side of the street, in either the bird or animal houses, there are noises and chatterings of all sorts. In fact, birds, which are high in the scale of life, are the noisiest of all animals. Passing to the mammals we find the vocal sounds more orderly and refined. Coming to man we find this carried to a higher degree of refinement and gradation. Man has now discriminated sounds in such manner as to serve purposes of communication.

Probably language among man began with gestures. Signs and gesticulation came before any word was distinctly uttered. Arapaho Indians and Bushmen, who have but the simplest spoken language, communicate almost entirely by gesture. Among them, and no doubt among all peoples using gesture language, there intervenes an obstacle—the darkness. After the sunset they cannot adequately express themselves. Since they have but simple and dim sources of light, understandable sounds become imperative. In due course mankind discovered or invented the necessary sounds. This in itself would increase man's intelligence. As definite words were formulated and memorized the effect would be to increase his knowledge. With such rude beginnings did language start and the vastness and power of present knowledge is due to its cumulation through the ages.

Communication by sound, though, has certain disadvantages. In this way ideas can only be communicated a given distance. Man then is confronted with the problem of communicating at a distance. He solved it by the written word. With

the invention of writing, knowledge was not only deepened and strengthened, but widened.

In the meantime the arts of subsistence had been improved, men now traveled farther and farther from home. Population grew by leaps and bounds; man faced a third problem. Not only was gesture language inadequate, but sound and written language as well. More and more people had been brought into activities requiring rapid communication, and for this writing was found not to answer the demand. This man solved by inventing printing. Printing gave rise to a whole train of unforeseen benefits. First of all it made it possible for all men to be brought to a given level of intelligence; it more rapidly and extensively communicated a greater fund of information or knowledge; it intensified intellectual competition up to the place where we see it in operation in our own midst. Just to contemplate this one phase of evolution is to be convinced of how we go forward by insensible gradations, that after thousands of years are so stupendous as to amount to a revolution.

Many persons are of the opinion that evolution is based entirely upon inference, and, since one inference is as valid as another, they dismiss the whole matter with a scornful gesture. And well they might if evolution was solely and exclusively a theory, hypothesis or inference. But such is not the whole of the matter. Evolution is based on actual, observable transmutations taking place right now in our very midst. New plants and animals come into existence every day, and having come into existence scientists watch their variations and directions of growth very closely. They note how many varieties grow from the one parent form. Thomas H. Morgan of Columbia University informs us that he knows of scores of new forms of fruit flies that had no previous existence. Only recently the Popular Science Monthly called our attention to the rather checkered but astounding career of the humble tomato. "Not many years ago," says the Monthly, "Tomatoes were called 'love apples', believed to be poisonous. They were scarcely fit to eat—mostly juice and seeds. To-day a dozen luscious varieties of varying shades and sizes have been developed from them. Again, the potato in

its first known form was hardly larger than a walnut, hard and bitter. To-day there exists thousands of forms of animals and plants that reproduce their kind that did not exist a century ago. And science says too, we can see evidences of evolution in our gardens, among our children, in the marvelous machines developed for our uses from the crudest of implements—even in ideas that we conceive and unfold."

Barely seventy-five years have passed into history since the full strength and power of evolution came into men's consciousness. In so short a time as that no previous system of thought has ever drawn to itself such an array of fact and intelligence as has evolution. All the eminent men in all branches of science are now evolutionists, and no science is efficient without this magic formula, evolution.

To tabulate the names of all the eminent men now enrolled in this great intellectual advance would require the space of a large city directory. At this time we have not the space, but to give an outline of the effect of evolution on each of the major sciences is a simpler matter. First let us arrange the sciences in their order, thus: astronomy, geology, geography, physics, chemistry, biology, plasmatology, embryology, botany, zoology, psychology, sociology, anthropology, ethnology, philology, and, last but not least, pedagogy.

Never before in the history of the world has any system of thought attained such a degree of uniformity and unanimity. Religion in its heyday was such a battlefield of opinion that the average man could make neither head nor tale of it all. In science with evolution as a guide such is not the case. Science is systematic, orderly and definite. Approach it from any side by any avenue and the inquirer is led at once to the heart or central fact. About this central fact there are no two opinions. It is one great unified and comprehensive system of knowledge without precedent or equal during the life of man on this planet.*

Perhaps your wishes can be best served by a resume or review of this grand army of the sciences marching forward, led by one all comprehending principle.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER, 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Inclosed please find \$..... for which send Pioneer for.....months to

Name

Address

City.....

RATES:

\$2.25 a Year
\$1.25 6 Months
Foreign Postage Extra

Labor's Magic Bootstraps

BY COVAMI

ORTHODOX American trades unionism has always preached the "mutual interests of workers and employers" as a cardinal principle of its faith. This much desired, if somewhat illusive state, was to be arrived at by "collective bargaining", or the wholesaling of labor power. This dogma became a religion with President Gompers and a social philosophy with Professor Commons, and their disciples have industriously added to and embellished the simple creed of the fathers. Today it is nothing to hear labor economists and leaders confidently proclaim from the housetops: "the higher the wages and shorter the hours of the workers, the fatter and more certain the interest, rent and profits of the bosses are and will be, World without end." It is all very beautiful, but just how the **workingclass** can pay an ever-increasing horde of parasites usury for the right to access to the Earth and the socialized machinery of production and exchange and at the same time continue to maintain its standard of living, much less improve it, no one has yet arisen to explain.

As I have said, illusions are all very beautiful, but they are also extremely dangerous to those who depend on them for salvation and a living. I know I've been there, and, right now, I would rather have some of my illusions with me than so damn many facts I can't understand or explain. Nonetheless it is the cold, hard facts that finally determine our destiny, for which reason, if for no other, we should show them considerably more respect than we usually do. All of which reminds me of the latest magic bootstraps being offered Labor as an aid to lifting itself out of the Proletariat into the Plutocracy. These brand new uplifters are called "Labor-Management Co-operation for the elimination of waste and inefficiency in industry". These magic bootstraps are being guaranteed to work wonders. It is said that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the B. & O. Railway Shopmen have all but entered Eden by using them as per directions. Maybe so. But—

Just what is the "Management" of industry, especially of trustified American industry? Is it a free and autonomous power any more than is "Labor"? It is not. The managers of industry are, as every child knows, or ought to know, nothing more nor less than the hired and hand-picked overseers of the capitalist class. Their "individual initiative" is about on a par with that of my grandmother's slave drivers. Like Labor they do what they are ordered to do or "get off the grass". Hence they who talk of the "Co-operation of Labor and Management"

are either ignorant of the actual facts of the ownership and rulership of industry or, else, they are seeking to camouflage something from somebody. Not only is Labor not co-operating with management for the elimination of waste and the promotion of efficiency, but, organized as it is organized, it can learn nothing whatsoever of the **conduct of industry** — it can only aid in the **ordering** of the **job**. That, helping to more efficiently boss themselves for the boss, — that is all the workers are actually accomplishing under these so-called "Labor-Management co-operation" schemes, — for it is not with the hiring managers that the unions are in reality co-operating but with their masters, the ruling, owning, exploiting oligarchy — the capitalist class — and they are co-operating to their own emasculation and destruction and to the complete final enslavement of the working class.

My language is "too strong"? Possibly. Always there must be some co-operation between the classes if society is to function? True. But it is also true that as evolution perfects its work there inevitably comes a day when the Old is to die and the New is to be born. When that day arrives, there is and can be no question of compromise. The New either comes into being or else both it and the Old rot and perish. Further, always the Coming New must in every way seek to remove the Passing Old from its path. This, remove the Old Order from the path of the New, American Labor is most certainly not trying to do today. All its co-operation is, not for the purpose of gaining industrial control and exercising economic responsibility, but to prove Union Labor more efficient than open shop or scab labor. That is the danger of it — the servile spirit in which the Unions offer their co-operation to the Bosses. Instead of this spirit, every effort ought to be put forth to make the Unions so powerful in industry that it will be the Bosses who will have to offer to "co-operate" and, then, every such offer accepted by the Unions should be accepted only with a view to still further extending Labor's control over industry. This is the only way Labor Unions should "co-operate with Capital"—just, in other words, as Capital always "co-operates" with Labor—for Labor's final undoing.

The human race cannot possibly pay the ever-increasing toll the Capitalist class is demanding of society and at the same time elevate itself to a higher standard of living, either economically or spiritually. This being true, the Race cannot possibly co-operate with the Ruling

ADVICE to BOYS



By Uncle Ami

WHEN I was a child and could not help it, I was taken into the schools of the church and state and there I was most earnestly adjured and always told to "Never tell a lie."

Child-like, I swallowed it, and it took me a long, long time to get rid of the notion that truth was what everyone wanted, especially the Benignant Old Business Men, who were always and everywhere held up to us boys as the perfect examples of citizenship we should strive our hardest to pattern after, the injunction to do so being always delicately inculcated in Sunday school by holding up to us the God favored career of Joseph in Egypt.

Thus it came about through all our cal-low days we boys despised the boy who lied, in whom there was no truth. We knew he would never be cashier of the bank, governor of the state, president of the nation, or an archbishop in the church, for we knew all these men had arrived, like George Washington at eminence only by seeking and serving the truth. All our teachers had told us so, and so, it was so.

Well, after a while we quit being boys, as all boys sooner or later unfortunately must, and we went out into the world to earn our living and achieve success. For several years thereafter we remembered the injunction of our mothers and teachers to "Never tell a lie," and "To always tell the truth no matter what happened," and bravely we tried to live up to the ancient faith.

Somehow or other, though, we began to notice that it was the boy who had always been somewhat diplomatic in distinguishing between truth and falsehood who drew down the biggest wages and was first to land in the sacred circle of

the B. O. B. M. This unexpected result, of course, jarred us some, so much in fact that we began to sit up and take notice.

Taking notice of the hard, cold facts we came to the sad conclusion that something was wrong with our education; but it was too late for most of us to reform, for, having been born and reared in the country, and close to nature, which we always loved, we could never adjust ourselves completely to the highly civilized environment in which we found ourselves and so, today, we are a failure.

Our advice to boys, therefore is to take with a big grain of salt all the church and state tell them; to be circumspect when it comes to lying and reasonable in the handling of the truth. letting the "best policy" always guide them, everywhere, at all times, in all things, — that is if they ever hope to be president of anything, especially of a bank.

Moral: The truth is worth more than all their gold.

DIRECT ACTION---

—JUST OFF THE PRESS!

A New Pamphlet

24 PAGES OF REAL REVOLUTIONARY
PROPAGANDA IN THE OLD-TIME
WOBBLY STYLE

PRICE:

Single copy	5 cents each
10 or more copies.....	3 cents each
25 or more copies.....	2½ cents each
100 or more copies.....	2 cents each

Sent POSTPAID on receipt of price by

General Recruiting Union

3333 Belmont Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Class forever unless it is to resign itself forever to peasantry and peonage. This is wellknown to the Ruling Class. Hence the rapid rise of beastial and merciless dictatorship in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America today, supported by the Capitalist class — for the suppression and enslavement of labor. Innocent, indeed, is American Labor if it thinks it will escape the fate of German and Italian Labor by co-operating with the Bosses, for the American Empire, like the Roman, Spanish, Franch, Ger-

man and British Empires, must rob and exploit labor or perish.

Never in all history have figs been gathered from thistles, and, so, Labor, even skilled and technical Labor, can finally harvest only woe by co-operating to cultivate the upas tree of Capitalism.

Put no trust in Princes, is a saying old and true,

Place no faith in Plutocrats, translateth it anew.

BOOK REVIEWS

Ernest Crosby is a rather pathetic figure, a very sensitive person who tried to help everybody.

His books, the marvellous satire on **A Poet's** Aguinaldo's captor called "Captain Jinks, **Gentle** Hero," and the others of the time, have **Protest** disappeared from the bookstores. Crosby, who merely wanted a modicum of justice to enter into human relationships, and desired especially a little of that "Peace on Earth" that was promised nearly 2,000 years ago by the god which this poet, poet-like, never ceased to believe in, found himself bitterly assailed as a dangerous man. Probably most of his already published works perished in the Red Raids of the Great War, and those following it.

There are no books from his pen, but when one of his old volumes is found, so well has the world forgotten Crosby, it has much the effect of a new one, and deserves this review. In a second hand book store a friend of your reviewer came into possession of what may have been for all he knows, stolen property: namely, a volume of "Broadcast," by Earnest Crosby, one time owned by "The National Optimistic League" and marked "No. 63-H" of their library. If there still be optimistic who can prove title, probably they get the book.

We find Crosby to be a pantheist, an anti-vissectionist, a pacifist, and one who loves his fellow man—hardly a radical. But in his rambling, prosy verse and free verse, he says occasionally things that it might be well to remember. His best poems, so far as content is concerned, are four in the middle of the book: "The Land of the Noonday Night—A Miner's Song," "The Cotton Mill," "The Stoker," and "The Escutcheon." The first three named are the only purely industrial offerings, and they are well handled. The miners are made to complain:

*We have eyes to see like yours
Why down in the deep, deep mine
But there's nothing to mark the dreadful dark
Where the sun can never shine.
On the banks of clammy coal
Our lamps cast a flickering light
At the bottom drear of the moist black hole
In the land of the noonday night.
We have children at home like yours,
But at eve when we homeward tread
We find them asleep in a tangled heap
Three or four in a single bed.
In the morning our tasks begin
Before the sun shines bright,
For we have no sun, and we have no kin
In the land of the noonday night.*

"The Cotton Mill" is a condemnation of child labor, which wanders off into an attack on inter-

national trade, and the conquest of markets by force. The second stanza is the best:

*Half gone is the night
To left and right
An acre or more of dim lit whirr extends.
For six dull hours' interminable length
These babies have strained their strength;—
Another six must wear away
Before at break of day,
Their torment ends.*

No, it's not great poetry, but it has a certain poignancy. That is the way with most of the book. "The Stoker" is shorter, and a trifle sarcastic:

*Now and then a stoker, come up to breathe
between decks, glances under the canvass
awning at us as we yawn over our novels in
the long row of steamer chairs aligned on
the leeward side of the upper deck.
I wonder what he thinks when he sees us.
Kind, good stoker, why do you not come and sit
in my chair and make me stoke in your
stead for a while?
How good God is to give us first cabin passages
through life!
And how nice of people to make ships for us and
provide us with a good table'd-hote and com-
fortable beds and everything ready just when
it is wanted.
And how fortunate for us it is that the world's
hold is full of stokers who ask no questions and
have no sense of humor!"*

That one is really good. In "The Escutcheon," Crosby makes sport of the coats of arms of the great world powers, their brave eagles, lions, etc. The rulers of these countries are not really courageous and willing to fight like the brutes they picture, but "have goodly need to cringe to the men of might, and harry the weak." He advises them,

*. why not assume
The good old Medice arms of the Golden Balls?
Dig them reverently up from the tomb,
And hang their eloquent sign from your outer
walls.
Leave their sins to the beasts—let us answer for
ours.
All hail to the arms of the Pawnbroking Powers.*

The great fault with all of Crosby's poetry is that it leads to naught. It is a gentle voice, raised in horror, and not a trumped call to assault on the master class. The farthest he goes is to assert, "Peace between capital and labor, is that all you ask? But if peace means final acquiescence in wrong,—if your aim is less than justice and peace, forever one—then your peace is a crime."

So say we all, of us radicals, but we do not say likewise, with Crosby, "I would abolish nothing except by discussion." Something stronger is needed, to accomplish even disuse—the capitalist will not cease to use his power over us because of Crosby's plaintive criticism.

—V.S.

BROADCAST, by Ernest Crosby. Published by Funk and Wagnall's Co., 44—60 East 23rd Street, New York. Try and get it.

Radicals usually consider the subjugation of women by men the first actual breach in the social structure of the stage of primitive

The Amazons: equality, the tribal organization of
The First savagery and lower barbarism. Be-
Rebels fore the system began to break up, women were at least equal to men, and had certain ceremonial rights of their own, to have descent of both men and women traced through the women's side of the family, etc. They were not confined to one single husband, and were not under the orders of any husband in their family relations.

The change from maternal descent to paternal descent, and more or less at the same time, the change of which this is symbolic, the reduction of the women of the tribe to the less interesting sorts of work, and to lower places in the social scheme, was brought about by cultural development, creation of property, desire of men to have their own sons (not merely sons of wives they might share with other men), inherit their personal property, and the increase of the importance of war. Such a change marked a kind of humanly reactionary, but historically progressive, revolution.

We have now, in a little book "The Amazons," by Emanuel Kanter, a neat piece of research and a reconstruction by a process of historical detective work, of one phase of this primeval class conflict—using the word "class" in quite a loose way.

Kanter refutes a whole host of bourgeois anthropologists, historians, ethnologists, etc., who have denied the existence of the Amazons, and have tried to make them allegorical and mythological. Kanter shows by the analogy of the discomfiture of such people in the case of the pygmies and centaurs that things they called lies of the ancient historians, Diodorus and others, are now being rapidly established facts. He also quotes several little known travellers of the sixteenth century to show that Amazonian societies existed in South America and Africa down to quite recent times.

The groups chiefly discussed by Kanter are those of Asia Minor (the Amazons of the Greek historians and myth maker) and of Africa (mentioned by Diodorus in ancient times and by Father Alvares connected with the Portuguese embassy to Abyssinia, 1520—1527.

Those of Asia Minor were part of a tribe of Scythians in the second stage of barbarism (Morgan's classification) with a gentile organization in which women were not yet subjugated. Many of their men were killed in battle; the women killed the rest, and maintained a society modeled somewhat on that of the gentile tribe or federation of tribes. They found it necessary to keep all men out of their territories because of the example of the tribes around them which had advanced to the patriarchal, hero-ruler stage. The women burned off the left breasts of young girls so as to be better able to handle the bow and weapons, and were terrible fighters, once having invaded the lands of the Greeks, by whom they were finally subjugated. They continued the population by temporary unions with friendly tribes around them, saved and reared the girl children and made away with the boys.

In Africa the same mutilation of women for the purpose of greater warlike ability was practised, but men were maintained in the society, in a subordinate position. The women were the warriors, the hunters, and the rulers. Men stayed at home and took care of the children, kept house, etc.

From these examples Kanter infers four principles of universal application: (1) The disruption of primitive communist society usually results in the division of the sexes into hostile groups each contending for supremacy—except where the whole society has been conquered and enslaved by some people of a superior culture, as were the Indians of Mexico and Peru; (2) Where the males are victorious, which is the usual case, there they establish a hero society, a patriarchal society, and finally a nation; (3) Where the females are victorious, as they were in the African case described, they establish a political matriarchate as opposed to a patriarchate; (4) Whenever a female group does not conquer the male group, or is itself not conquered, there they must live alone, manless, the individuals mating only temporarily with men of friendly tribes.

In a general survey of the position of women, Kanter's conclusion is that however humanly admirable the struggle of the Amazons was, it was historically reactionary, and foredoomed to failure. Women have remained subjugated (some elements of their subjugation he describes) up to the present time. Now, however, they are much on the plane of their men folks in the various classes, if subjugated, then to about the same extent as men, and not much more. Rich women have about the same rights to exploit proletarians as rich men, and proletarian women are not much more exploited; civil and social rights of most importance are about equal. The present fight is not a war between the sexes but a battle between economic classes.

—Card No. 794514.

THE AMAZONS, A Marxian Study. By Emanuel Kanter. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Price, 60c.

The Workers International Educational Society Is Making Progress

W. I. E. S. Receipts in 1926

Feb.	\$ 395.00
March	400.00
April	440.00
May	604.00
June	505.00
July	1,195.00
August	?
Sept.	?

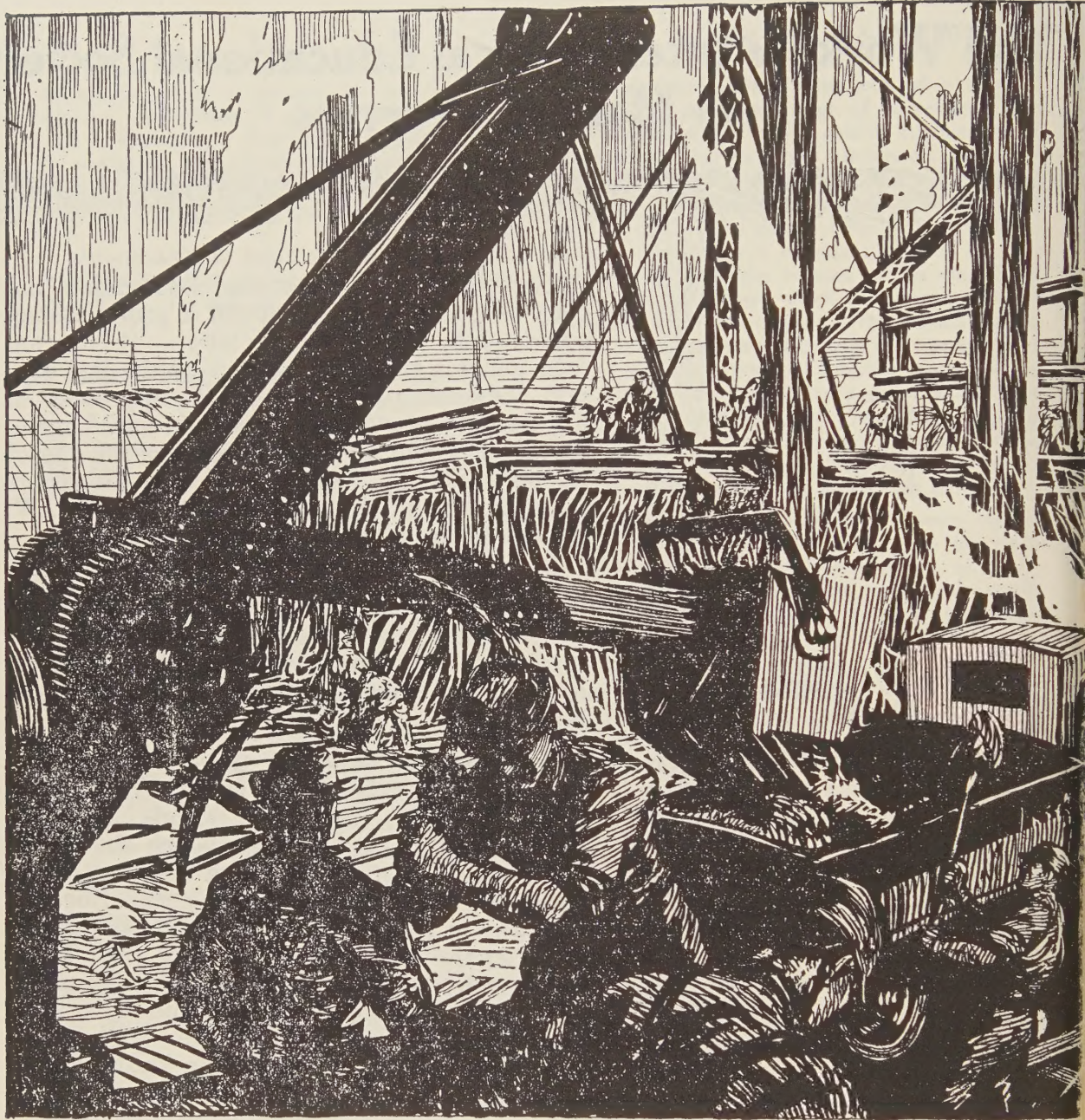
The Workers' International Educational Society is a corporation, but not a profit-making corporation. It exploits no labor. It is organized under a resolution passed by the last general convention of the I. W. W. approving of the creation of such a company in which membership is voluntary, and which has for one of its purposes the acquiring of a headquarters building which can give quarters to the I. W. W. general offices and offices of publications, etc.

The idea is that the union and general officials of the I. W. W. shall have their entire time free for organizing the workers, and attending to the routine of union business, without being bothered with the details of buying and managing a building.

As was to be expected, there was a certain amount of ignorance at first among the members of the I. W. W. and their friends, as to the necessity of taking this step, which showed itself in the lack of purchasers of the stock of the Workers' International Educational Society. The way in which the membership has aroused itself to the task of safeguarding their headquarters building is shown by the table to the left, of the monthly receipts of the W. I. E. S. Month by month as the need of the I. W. W. for financial aid comes more to the knowledge of the membership, they have joined the W. I. E. S.

At present the number of shares held by language groups friendly to the I. W. W. is 187; the number held by the I. W. W. unions themselves is 158; the number held by individuals is 697. Only six individuals hold ten shares each, no individual holds more than ten, sixty-eight individuals hold two shares each, and 395 individuals hold one share each. It is obvious that the W. I. E. S. is a democratic institution. Your purchase of at least one five-dollar share of its stock is really your duty to the cause of industrial unionism.

Get a \$5 share of stock in the Workers' International Educational Society. Write to JOSEPH WAGNER, Sec'y-Treas., 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for all particulars.



WE BUILD THE NEW SOCIETY

And we build it with machinery. The I. W. W. is the only organization of workers which realized from its very beginning the revolutionary role of modern machinery. Craft unions, other unions saw that the new machinery of production and transportation undermined their monopoly of craft skill by making that skill useless; they understood that the machine threw them out of work, making it easy for one man to do the labor that had formerly required many, and they fought machinery. We do not blame them, but we do not follow them to certain defeat. We welcome machinery; we will use it, for our form of organization is such that the destruction of one form of skill, one craft or one trade does not injure our members. All the workers in the industry are in one industrial union, an integral part of the I. W. W., the Industrial Workers of the World. We will combat the menace of unemployment by a fight for shorter workdays and higher pay. We will control industry and all its machinery, for use and not for profit, and when we do that that will be the revolution. Our strength is in the industrial proletariat; as the industrial proletariat organizes into the I. W. W. we gain the power to accomplish our ends.

